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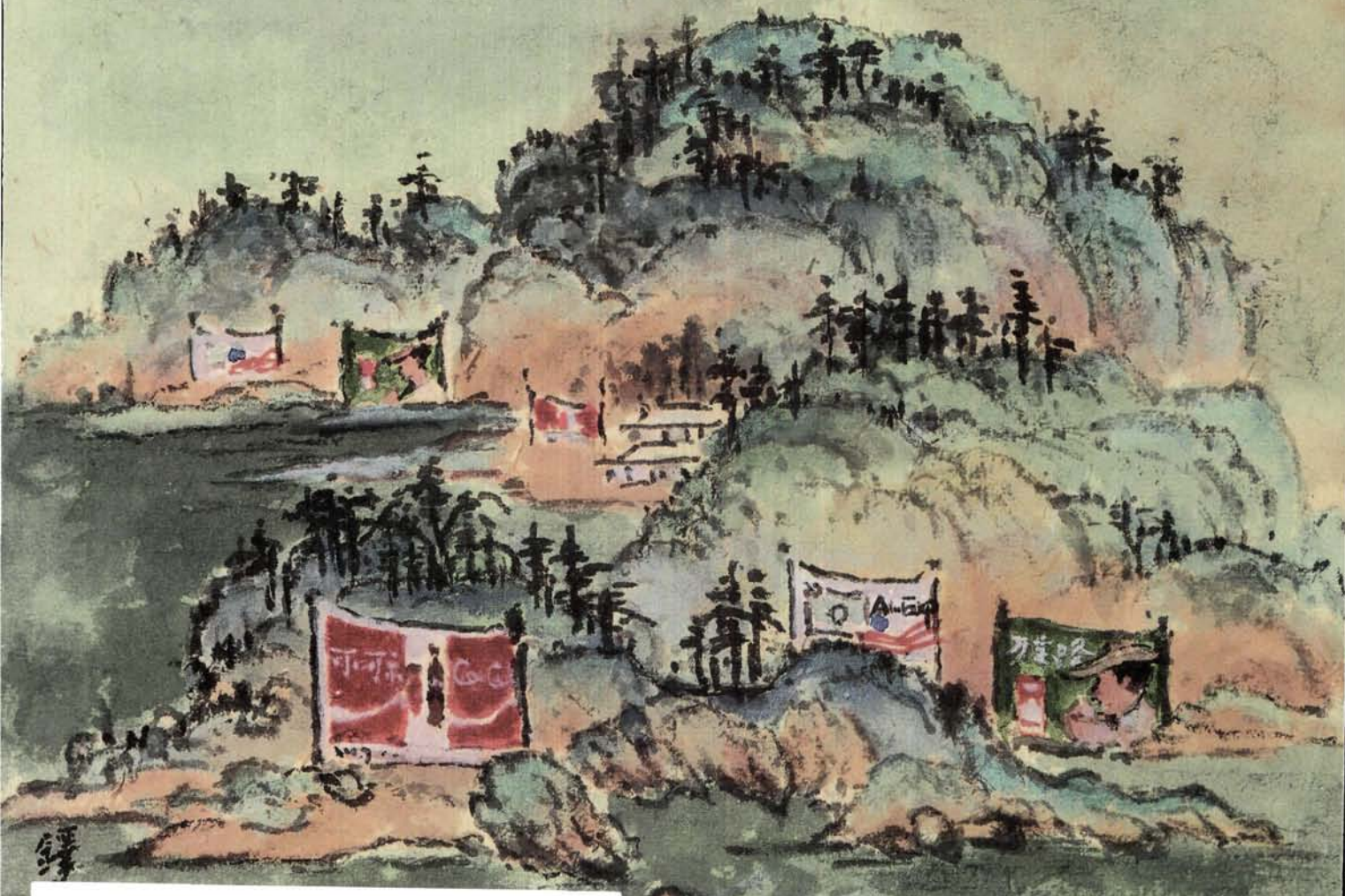

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CORRESPONDENCE

FLICK FLAK

To the editors:

It is with dismay that I read Rachel Flick's recent article, "A Royal Pain" (August 26). THE NEW REPUBLIC, so long respected for its social conscience and political commentary, seems to have inexplicably turned to yellow journalism by publishing Flick's scathing piece on Jordan's Queen Noor. This thinly disguised attempt at clever political analysis is nothing more than a hatchet job filled with cutting innuendos and half-truths.

The American Enterprise Institute did indeed host King Hussein for a major speech during his recent visit to Washington. I was the organizer of this event, but Flick never bothered to contact me to verify her information, which, as a result, turned out to be totally false. For the record, no member of King Hussein's staff ever asked what kind of chair would be provided for Queen Noor. Members of the royal staff and the government of Jordan were universally helpful and professional in planning the myriad details of AEI's event in honor of King Hussein. It was a great success from AEI's point of view and much credit must be given to the informal style for which King Hussein is so well known.

Queen Noor, as indeed any American would, had to learn about the mosaic of Middle East politics and the region's unique political culture. She has done so with grace despite the pressures of public scrutiny. The political role that Flick insinuates has been assigned to her shows the author's ignorance of the Middle East. She was foolish to cite only quotes convenient to her diatribe. By that technique, she ignored what other more serious journalists have correctly reported about Jordan.

Finally, it should be noted that AEI's event for King Hussein was held at the Madison Hotel, not the Dolley Madison Hotel. The mistake, however slight, is nevertheless indicative of Flick's overall carelessness.

JUDITH KIPPER
The American Enterprise Institute

To the editors:

Grievous historical errors mar an otherwise perceptive and informative article by Rachel Flick on Queen Noor. Ms. Flick's version of Hashemite family history alleges that "two Hashemite brothers—Faisal and Hussein's grandfather, Abdullah—were demanding other countries to rule" *after* "the Hashemites had lost a struggle for the land that is now Saudi Arabia."

On the contrary, Faisal was removed from his Syrian throne by the French in 1920 and installed as king in Iraq by the British in 1921, years *before* the Hejaz was lost by the Hashemites to Ibn Saud in 1924. Abdullah was appointed emir of Transjordan by the British in early 1921 in order to stop him and his Bedouin troops from marching on Damascus to wrest Syria from the French for his brother.

King Hussein's great-grandfather did not shun the title of king and confine his status to that of "sharif." In 1921 he proclaimed himself caliph and "King of the Arab Lands," prompting his neighbor and old enemy, Ibn Saud, to set in motion the campaign that three years later ended the Hashemite regime in Arabia and incorporated the Hejaz, including Mecca and Medina, into the present Saudi Arabia.

ROBERT A. RIESMAN
Providence, Rhode Island

BOMBASTIC STATISTICS

To the editors:

This is the first letter I have ever written to the editor of a publication. But one passage in Henry Fairlie's article "The Press: Ban the Bombast" (September 2) calls for a comment. He writes that "a conservative estimate is that such an invasion [of the Japanese home islands] would have cost the lives of *at least* 500,000 GIs. . . ." The italics are Mr. Fairlie's.

This casualty estimate is a persistent but very serious error. In the course of doing my own 40th-anniversary V-J Day reporting, I stumbled across and then wrote a story about the work of two researchers who convincingly demonstrate that real, professional military estimates of casualties were lower by a factor of more than ten. I was able to

continued on page 49

His classic book was instantly suppressed.

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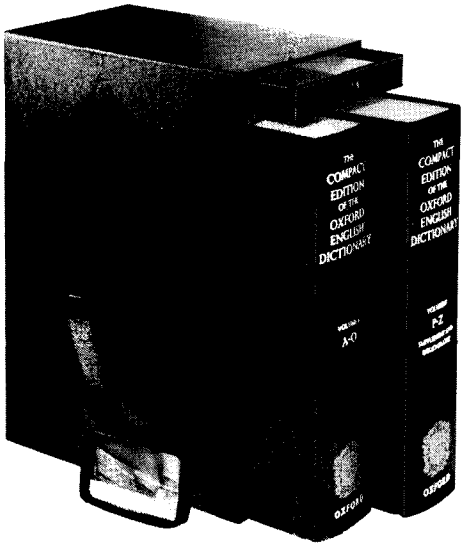

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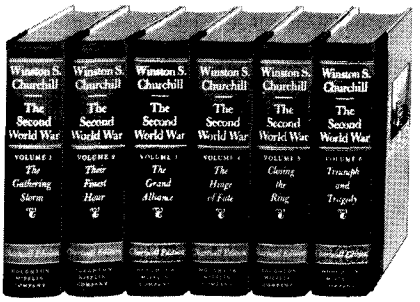

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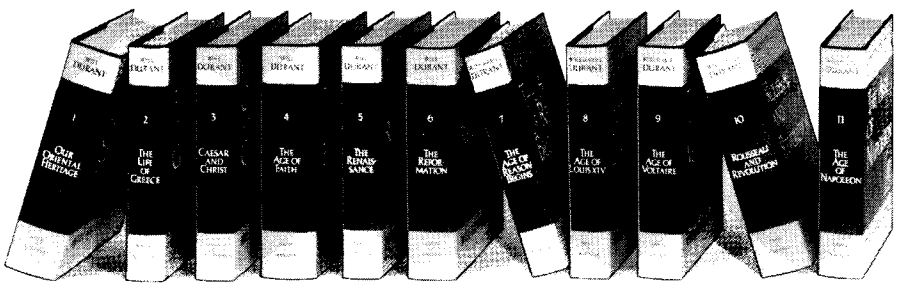

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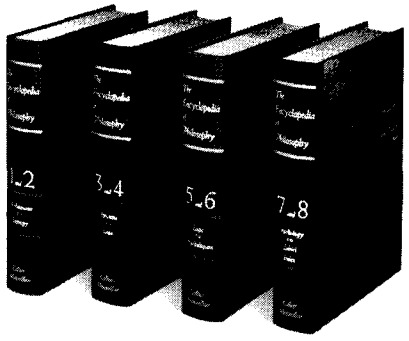

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FROM WASHINGTON

LET'S MAKE A DEAL

The Reagan administration's philosophy is that there are only two situations where you shouldn't make an arms control deal: where you're behind, and where you're ahead. In the first case, as with land-based missiles, the administration warns against locking in the present alleged imbalance. In the second, as with Star Wars, it asks: Why squander our advantage? So much for arms control.

On the subject of antisatellite weapons (ASAT), the administration tries to have it both ways. For several years the Soviets have been offering to halt this particular arms race in its still-rudimentary phase. Since 1982 they have observed a unilateral freeze on ASAT testing. The Reagan administration has rejected this offer and has continued to pursue our own four-billion-dollar program. Last month, for the first time, the Air Force shot down a surplus satellite in low orbit. A Pentagon spokesman told reporters that "the Soviet Union has long had an operational ASAT system," and said the U.S. testing is necessary "to redress this serious imbalance." At the same time, it's argued that the Soviets obviously are so scared of our ASAT potential that we should, at the very least, hold ASAT hostage for concessions elsewhere.

This is crazy. You don't have to be a silly-billy peacenik, blind to the complexities and paradoxes of arms control, to recognize ASAT as a rare easy case, and an urgent one too. As such, it is a test of President Reagan's intentions. Does he want to curb the arms race, or is he intent on trying to win it?

Antisatellite systems, although they are nonnuclear, pose a greater threat to nuclear stability than any new nuclear weapons now on the horizon. That's because satellites, which allow each side to see what the other is doing, are vital to the system of deterrence. If both sides develop ASAT, which they will without an agreement, a terrible new wild card will be added to the game. Each side will face extra uncertainties at moments of crisis. If they "blind" us, should we launch? Should we "blind" them first? Or should we launch first, before we get "blinded"? And so on, toward Armageddon. Reagan's push for Star Wars has an arguably defensive rationale. There's no such rationale for ASAT: it's purely aggressive, and in a particularly insidious way.

Right now neither nation's ASAT system is worth much. The Soviet system is operational but crude. It can't reach the important American satellites, which are in high orbit. The American system is far more sophisticated, but is still being tested. It's always easier to halt an arms race in place than to roll it back or control its growth. We're at a moment in the ASAT race where a "freeze" makes sense. But the moment won't last. Once the Russians fear we have perfected our system—and last month's test brings us perilously close—it's too late. Either we'll have to disarm (unlikely) or they'll have to proceed. As with multiple-warhead missiles in the 1960s, our unilateral advantage will be temporary. The new mutual risk, when they catch up, will be permanent.

Other problems that plague arms control are less daunting in the case of ASAT. Verification, for example. It's much harder to conduct a secret test in outer space. And "breakout": fear that the other side will gain some advantage from abiding by an agreement and then suddenly renouncing it. We are in a better position to "break out" of an ASAT freeze, if it comes to that, than the Soviets are.

In the short run, an ASAT race is more of a threat to the Soviets. Our system is potentially better, and their important satellites are in lower, more vulnerable orbits. In the long run, ASAT is a bigger threat to us. That's because our satellites are more sophisticated, and we need them more. The Soviet Union is a closed society. We get vital information about them from the sky that they get about us from the library. Unless you think arms control must await the end of communism (or the end of democracy), that difference is a given.

So, say arms control cynics, if we have more to gain, why are the Russians so eager to deal? The answer, of course, is that it's a great deal for them as well. There's nothing suspicious about that. The notion that a deal can be good for both sides is not the product of a woolly-idealist or comsymp mentality. Quite the contrary: it's the basis of capitalism. Negotiators for anything from a car to a company to a treaty are competitors and also collaborators. You want the other guy to benefit—not because you're sweet but because you want the benefit of a deal yourself. Sure, one side or the other sometimes gets taken. But if you think of negotiation that way, you'll never get rich, and you'll never get arms control either.

The bigger the mutual benefit from dealing, compared to the potential benefit to either party of not dealing, the easier a deal ought to be. Even obviously beneficial deals fall through, however, when one of the parties thinks it can squeeze an extra couple of points by being obstinate. Put in its best light, that's what we've been doing with ASAT. (Put in its worst light, this is just another area where we're trying to spend the Soviets into the ground.) It's quite foolish. There is no other aspect of arms control in which the benefits of dealing are so plain and the risks of not dealing are so great. A Star Wars race threatens bone-crushing expense. An ASAT race threatens the breakdown of deterrence.

Having expressed zero interest all along in an ASAT deal, the Reagan people now seem moderately willing to throw it into the Geneva pot along with everything else. The papers report a potential grand settlement: we'll forget Star Wars if they'll agree to deep cuts in nuclear missiles. (At his press conference September 17, Reagan said he'll never bend on Star Wars. But then he's said that about a lot of things.) There's room in any such deal for ASAT. But that negotiation will be hideously complex and uncertain, even if both sides are sincere. Why wait? After years of pooh-poohing the very idea of arms control, the Reaganites (if you can believe the leaks) suddenly are dizzy with lion-and-lamb visions worthy of the most extreme arms control utopian. Meanwhile, though, there's a quick, simple, fair, important deal to end antisatellite warfare sitting there on the table. Let's take it.

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2 **CORRESPONDENCE** ..... On Queen Noor, the Rev. Moon, &c.

4 **TRB FROM WASHINGTON** ..... LET'S MAKE A DEAL
A test of Reagan's sincerity about arms control.

7 **THE EDITORS** ..... PRESSER COOKER
Was the bungled prosecution of the Teamsters president a cover-up, or just a screw-up?
NOTEBOOK
Jackie P., Maggie T., &c.

10 **FRED BARNES** ..... WHITE HOUSE WATCH: MEESE IN COMMAND
A little taste of Cabinet government.

12 **TONY KAYE** ..... ON THE HILL: HERE COMES THE BRIBE
The latest twist on the oldest story in politics.

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Why an East German spy isn't a West German traitor.

15 **PETE CAREY, KATHERINE ELLISON, & LEWIS M. SIMONS** ..... MARCOS'S NEST EGG
His money isn't where his mouth is.

16 **RAYMOND BONNER** ..... THE SALVADOR STRATEGY
How the administration is dealing with the collapse of the Philippines.

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At a Chinese writers' conference.

20 **SIMON LEYS** ..... IS CHINA 'DIFFERENT'?
Human rights in the Middle Kingdom.

22 **GLENN C. LOURY** ..... BEYOND CIVIL RIGHTS
Whatever their cause, the problems blacks face today can't be cured by politics.

26 **STANLEY KAUFFMANN** ..... ON FILMS: MORE THAN THEY KNOW?
Compromising Positions, an upscale murder comedy.

28 **EDWARD ROTHSTEIN** ..... ON MUSIC: MOSES AND MODERNISM
Schoenberg, the century's progressive musical prophet, was also a profoundly religious composer.

32 **HARRY HARDING** ..... MARX, MAO, AND MARKETS
Journey to the Forbidden China by Steven W. Mosher
Chinese Democracy by Andrew J. Nathan
To Get Rich Is Glorious: China in the 80's by Orville Schell

41 **JUSTIN KAPLAN** ..... ARTHURIAN EPIC
The Inman Diary: A Public and Private Confession edited by Daniel Aaron

45 **DENNIS WRONG** ..... MORE THAN A TOUCH OF CLASS
The Bureaucratization of the World by Bruno Rizzi

47 **JULIAN MOYNAHAN** ..... FLY CASTING
A Maggot by John Fowles

51 **WASHINGTON DIARIST** ..... SHOWMANSHIP SAVES

COVER by Dora Lee for THE NEW REPUBLIC.

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PRESSER COOKER

Last February federal prosecutors in Cleveland recommended that Teamsters president Jackie Presser be indicted for maintaining "ghost" employees on the payroll of his home local. The charge represented the culmination of a four-year investigation by the Department of Labor and the Justice Department's Organized Crime Strike Force. But in July both departments learned they had wasted their time, when the attorney general's office announced it was dropping charges against Presser. The government had no case because FBI agents had given Presser permission to commit the alleged crimes.

Two Senate committees, a federal grand jury, and the internal review offices of the FBI and Justice Department are now trying to get to the bottom of one of the most bizarre criminal justice foul-ups in recent memory. All are asking the same troubling questions: Did the Justice Department decline to press charges because of Presser's close relationship to President Reagan or because of his status as an important informant? If Presser went free because he was an informant, why did federal investigators waste time and money gathering evidence about crimes authorized by their own subordinates? Finally, what information was the FBI getting that justified protecting from prosecution a labor leader frequently accused of taking orders from the mob? Presser served on the board of the Teamsters' notorious Central States Pension Fund, known as the "mob bank" because of the easy loans it provided to organized crime figures. And according to Stephen Brill's book *The Teamsters*, he helped underworld figures in Cleveland cut deals with the Teamsters throughout the 1970s.

Presser's reported mob ties made his relationship with the president controversial from the start. When Reagan rewarded his most vocal labor supporter in the 1980 election with an appointment as a "senior adviser" to his economic affairs transition team, outgoing Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti said he could not fathom "how anyone trying to develop a new government could conceive of making this selection." Reagan continued to meet with Presser despite reported recommendations from his staff that he maintain a distance. Presser visited the White House frequently during Reagan's first term and endorsed him even more enthusiastically in 1984, denouncing other labor leaders for embarrassing working people by backing Walter Mondale. Attorney General Edwin Meese, who was responsible for the transition team appointment in 1980, and who at the time dismissed the list of allegations against Presser as "innuendo," has excused himself from any decisions regarding possible prosecution.

But unnamed Justice Department officials have told reporters that Presser went free not because of an order from above but because of overzealousness and miscommunication below. Three FBI supervisors reportedly have signed affidavits stating they authorized Presser to put employees who did no work (including his uncle Allen Friedman) on the payroll of Local 507 at a cost of more than $250,000. These agents are even said to have insisted that Presser continue paying the ghost workers' salaries after he asked to quit the scheme. They apparently believed that the arrangement would give Presser greater access to organized crime figures than he already had. According to *The Los Angeles Times*, the agents also implemented a mini-sting operation against another of the employees—John Nardi Jr.—to compromise his credibility in the event that another federal agency sought to use him as a witness against Presser. The Cleveland agents became obsessed with protecting their stool pigeon from the Justice Department they supposedly worked for.

Under the attorney general's guidelines on the use of informants and confidential sources adopted in 1980, FBI agents can authorize the commission of what are classed as "ordinary" crimes with the permission of a field office supervisor. FBI agents in Cleveland were not obligated to check with the Justice Department in Washington before telling Presser he was free to break the law. But the agents seem to have neglected their duty under the guidelines to tell the Labor and Justice Departments that Presser could never be prosecuted because he worked for them.

The FBI's bungling did more than merely waste the time and money of other agencies. Friedman and Nardi—the two previously convicted ghost employees with reported-

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ly extensive mob ties—are likely to go free because at their trials the Justice Department did not reveal that the FBI may have authorized the payments. In Cleveland, U.S. District Judge Sam Bell already has ordered a retrial for Friedman. The Justice Department has offered to drop all charges against him rather than disclose information about Presser's role as an FBI informant in a new trial. Judge Bell has denied the motion, ordering a federal grand jury to investigate the conduct of government prosecutors in the case. "Something prevented the administration of justice here," Bell said. "There was a malfunction. Was it purposeful? Was it a miscommunication? We have a right to know." Judge Bell may have to wait a long time for an answer. The Senate permanent investigations subcommittee has had little luck prying pertinent documents away from the Justice Department since ranking minority member Sam Nunn began an investigation over a month ago.

FBI agents claim they used Presser as an informant, but there is reason to suspect that it was he who used the FBI. Presser has long denied reports that he reached the high office he now holds by ratting on rivals, including former president Roy Williams, who was convicted of attempting to bribe a U.S. senator. But if, as NBC News reported, Presser has been informing to the IRS and FBI since 1972, the technique has kept him out of jail. Testifying in Chicago before the President's Commission on Organized Crime earlier this year, Presser repeatedly invoked the Fifth Amendment when asked whether he authorized an attack on dissident Teamsters or accepted a bribe from an organized crime figure named Eugene Boffa. Presser never has been indicted for any of these crimes. The FBI claims it has been using Presser to crack down on organized crime. But who could be a bigger fish than the corrupt leader of two million workers?

Flexible "guidelines" that lack the force of law encouraged FBI agents to misuse Presser and misrepresent their relationship with him. Under current rules, a middle-level FBI supervisor can permit violations of the law if he deems the crimes likely to create evidence against other criminals. Only for what are defined as "extraordinary crimes"—those involving a risk of violence, corrupt actions by a high public official, or severe financial loss to a victim—is the approval of the attorney general required. The guidelines imply an agent should not bother his superiors for approval of any but the most heinous of crimes. If the agent authorizes a crime he shouldn't—well, he still hasn't committed a crime himself. If the attorney general was required to approve every crime authorized by the bureau, much abuse of and by informants could be prevented.

The larger issue is the bureau's practice of authorizing informants to violate the law. Critics argue that the government breeds disrespect for the law when it consorts with criminals. But one hardly needs to invoke such lofty principles to condemn the way the FBI has used informants in recent years. In dozens of cases, informants have embarrassed the bureau by stealing government funds (Operation Corkscrew), participating in violent crimes (a Ku Klux Klan infiltrator in Birmingham), and jeopardizing cases where the essential evidence was gathered by traditional means (Operation Greylord). The FBI should always listen to those who bring information. But when those same sources request government funds to "sting" former associates, the FBI should look for their less-than-pure motives. Informants snitch to harm enemies, to avoid punishment themselves, or to commit other crimes without fear of punishment. They are the last people our government should place beyond the reach of law.

NOTEBOOK

□ JACKIE'S OTHER UNEMPLOYMENT CURE: Padding the union payroll is not Jackie Presser's only idea for putting Americans back to work. In the September 30 issue of *Fortune*, Presser, the embattled president of the International Brotherhood of Teamsters, reveals "How to Stop Exporting U.S. Jobs." Presser's idea is simple: ban foreign goods produced by U.S. overseas companies that pay less than the U.S. minimum wage of $3.35. The theory is that Third World governments "have no qualms about perpetuating mass poverty through subhuman wages as long as there are American companies to pay them." Presser, not previously known for his excessive fidelity to the Social Gospel, is unpersuasive in his new role as pundit. It would be very nice if everyone in the world could make at least $3.35 an hour. But the only way that Presser's proposal can create jobs in the United States is by destroying jobs in the Third World, where the objects of his compassion are not generally eligible for unemployment compensation. This is a strange way to help reduce political and economic inequities in developing countries. But no stranger than turning to Jackie Presser for tips on humanitarianism.

□ VISITING IN CAIRO, MRS. THATCHER has been issuing dicta about whom it is proper for other people to meet. First, she denounced Neil Kinnock, leader of the opposition Labor Party, for his decision to meet Argentine president Raul Alfonsin, a brave democrat, who was not, after all, anywhere near power during the Falklands war. Then she urgently counseled the U.S. and Israel, according to *The Financial Times*, to negotiate with "recognized but not prominent members" of the PLO. If the Iron Lady is confident that making concessions to terrorists is a strategy for peace, why doesn't she set an example by promptly sitting down for tea and talking with "recognized but not prominent members" of the Irish Republican Army?

□ DOG BITES MAN. FILM AT ELEVEN:

Apartheid Dims Dreams Of Black South African

—*The Washington Post*, September 16

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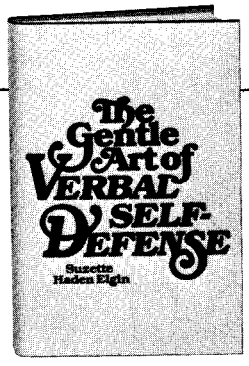
About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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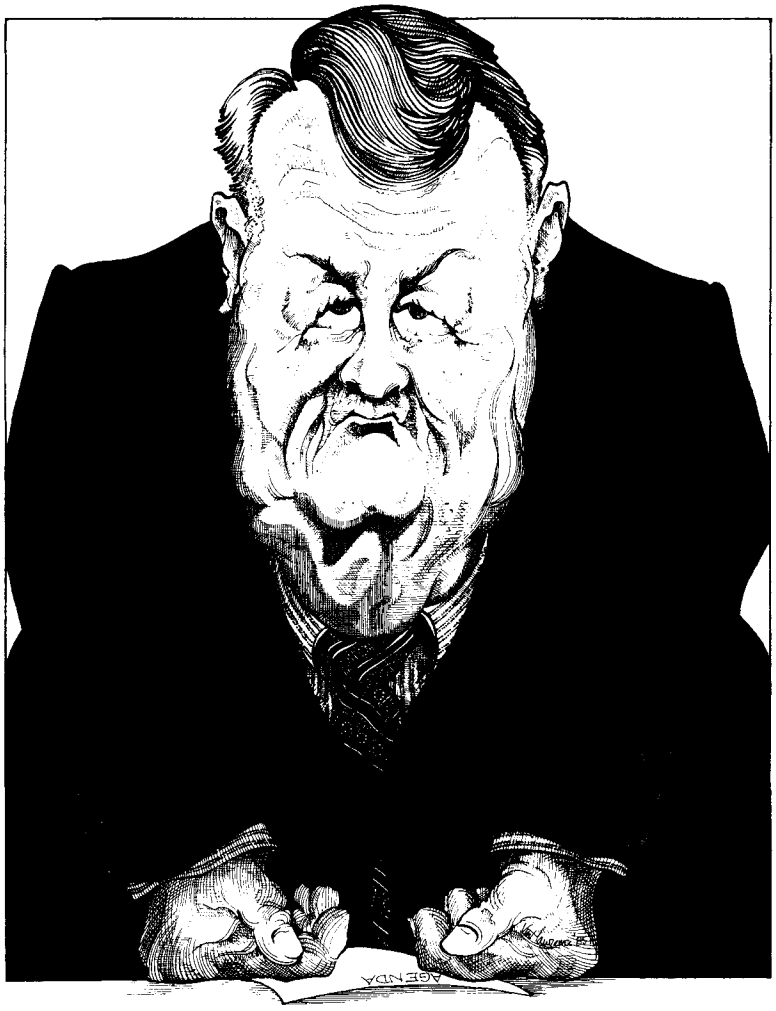
WHITE HOUSE WATCH

MEESE IN COMMAND

JUST when you thought ideological zeal had vanished forever from the Reagan administration, along comes Attorney General Edwin Meese III. He is an anomaly in Reagan's tepid second term, a man with an agenda. Who'd have guessed it? Reagan, the most ideological president of the century, wins reelection by a landslide, yet has little on his mind beyond tax reform and trips to Rancho del Cielo. Meese, after an erratic performance as a White House counselor, slips into the attorney general's office by the skin of his teeth and instantly emerges as an ideological force.



DRAWING BY VINT LAWRENCE FOR THE NEW REPUBLIC

Compare Meese to the rest of the Reagan Cabinet. He is bent on liquidating quotas in hiring, rolling back the Supreme Court's 1973 decision that legalized abortion, and reviving the issue of federalism in order to parcel out fresh authority to state and local governments. He may not achieve all that, but there's no denying he has a large and serious agenda. That's a lot more than Transportation Secretary Elizabeth Dole and Energy Secretary John Herrington can say; they are merely caretakers. Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger would love to push an agenda, but he's too much on the defensive. So is Margaret Heckler, the secretary of Health and Human Services, who is under pressure from some inside the White House to resign. The only other Cabinet officer with big plans is Education Secretary William Bennett, but his agency is so peripheral that he cannot do much more than hold forth on bilingualism and the role of religion, and hand out money.

Not surprisingly, Meese has rubbed some of the president's men the wrong way. It always happens when the head of a department takes seriously the lip service paid to Cabinet government by presidents. In every administration the White House is all for Cabinet government in the abstract, but never in practice. And Meese's agenda is Cabinet government in spades; it's entirely his own. Oh, sure, it's part of the larger conservative agenda that Reagan champions in speeches and which the political right still noisily supports. But none of Meese's initiatives has been encouraged by the White House. And in the case of a presidential order eliminating regulations that require federal contractors to adopt numerical goals—quotas, to use plain English—for hiring minorities and women, the White House has been downright obstructionist.

After Meese brought up the quotas matter at a Cabinet breakfast last August, White House officials put out the word he'd tried an end run to the president, skipping the normal process of circulating the proposal for comments and kibitzing. Meese has his reasons; this is a tedious and porous process. Following the Cabinet session, a draft executive order was circulated and, within days, leaked to the press. This touched off protests from the civil rights lobby and postponed the day when the order is taken to Reagan for signature. Who leaked the memo? Meese's allies at the White House and Justice Department say that it was a fretful presidential aide. But Meese is not as easily thwarted as he was while he was inside the White House. A slightly softened order, still striking down the requirement for quotas, is now winding its way to the Oval Office.

Proponents of the regulations should have seen all this coming. Last February an Office of Management and Budget appendix to the budget denounced quotas for federal contractors, which were an outgrowth of a 1965 order by President Johnson that federal contractors not discriminate in hiring on the basis of race, sex, or national origin. "As the [Labor Department's] Office of Federal Contract Compliance Programs' regulations for implementing this executive order have grown [from 16 pages as recently as

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1970 to 192 pages today], however, they have become the most widely acceptable *requirement* that employers base employment decisions on those very factors," the appendix said. These regulations "were perhaps chiefly responsible for converting the worthwhile concept of affirmative action, in the public mind, into a simple euphemism for quotas." Besides, it noted, blacks were no better off and women were worse off at firms where the regulations applied.

At Justice, William Bradford Reynolds, the chief of the civil rights division, had long hankered to eliminate the quotas requirement. And not because of business pressure, which was nonexistent. Reynolds opposes quotas on moral grounds. Meese's predecessor, a Reagan crony named William French Smith, was sympathetic to Reynolds, but he lacked the stomach for a nasty fight over quotas. Meese doesn't. There was an additional prod—the Senate rejection in June of Reynolds's nomination as associate attorney general, the number three job at Justice. To counter that rebuff and console Reynolds, Meese quickly moved to wipe out quotas.

If liberals got little from blocking Reynolds, who stayed on as civil rights chief with enhanced duties, they gained nothing from forcing Meese to back away from his plan to name Herbert E. Ellingwood as assistant attorney general for legal policy. Ellingwood, the chief of the U.S. Merit Systems Protection Board and a longtime friend of Meese, was criticized as a Christian fundamentalist who would use the post to appoint Christians to federal judgeships. People for the American Way put together radio and newspaper ads attacking Ellingwood as a threat to the independence of the judiciary. Meese, who has known Ellingwood since 1948, was inclined to go ahead with the nomination despite stiff opposition in Congress. But his senior aides persuaded him that a fight over Ellingwood would jeopardize his agenda.

WHY ENDANGER IT? His foes might delight in killing another of his appointments, aides told Meese, but Ellingwood would hardly be crucial in filling the nearly 100 judicial vacancies with reliable conservatives. That task was and is being carried out effectively by Grover Rees, a former law professor at the University of Texas. Rees is a special assistant to Meese in charge of screening judicial candidates. Even had Ellingwood been confirmed for the legal policy post, Rees would have remained the chief recruiter of conservatives for the federal bench. And there is a further irony in the Ellingwood affair. Some Meese advisers didn't want Ellingwood in a top Justice job anyway because they thought he lacked sufficient ideological backbone.

Almost from the day he arrived at the musty old Justice building five blocks from the White House, Meese made it clear that he wanted to ride another ideological hobbyhorse of conservatives. He announced in his first speech to Justice employees that federalism, a fancy word for shrinking the power of federal officials and judges, was "not a dead letter." In September he expanded on that theme in a speech to the American Enterprise Institute. "The past several decades of American life have been influenced by an aggressively secular liberalism often driven by an expansive egalitarian impulse," he said. "The result has been nothing less than an abandonment of many of the traditional political and social values the great majority of Americans still embrace. . . . Foremost among those values—indeed, the common constitutional denominator of most of the social policies this administration is pursuing—is the principle of federalism."

From another conservative politician—Reagan, say—that might be so much boilerplate, but Meese meant every word. He had, in fact, already taken a bold step in promoting federalism two months earlier in asking the Supreme Court to overturn the *Roe v. Wade* decision 12 years ago that made abortions legal across the country. If that ruling were reversed, the right to bar or allow abortions would be returned to the states. The abortion appeal got the fisheye from the White House, which had not been consulted. "We want to avoid political interference with our briefs," explains Terry Eastland, Meese's spokesman and close adviser. "So we let the White House know the day we file."

Meese's approach to *Roe v. Wade* is significant for several reasons. For one thing, it was an appeal that Smith would not have gone along with. He preferred to nibble around the edges of the abortion ruling rather than challenge it outright. For another, it showed that Meese, unlike Reagan, is determined to take on controversial issues with more than rhetoric. And finally, it demonstrated that Meese is willing to lose for what he considers to be a good cause. There are, after all, only three or four justices ready to overturn *Roe v. Wade*, not a majority. "But a brief can stimulate public discourse on an issue," says Eastland. "Notice the commentary [on the abortion case] that's already out there now. It wouldn't be there except for our brief."

Perhaps. But certainly the administration wouldn't be moving in some other domestic policy areas if it weren't for Meese. When he came to Justice, he was also named the head of a new Domestic Policy Council. It appeared to be a sop, since the council had no agenda. Meese has given it one. He has created nine working groups under the council, which handle issues from federalism to biotechnology, and he's planning three or four more. One group, headed by Linda Chavez, the White House liaison to interest groups, is especially revealing of Meese and his mission. Chavez and her associates are scouring the four State of the Union addresses that Reagan has delivered. They are ferreting out all Reagan initiatives to find out what happened to them. Many were stillborn, others never approved. What proposals were these? Just wait. You may hear everything you want to know about them soon from Edwin Meese.

FRED BARNES

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ON THE HILL

HERE COMES THE BRIBE

THE LOWER CHAMBER of the U.S. Congress is going upper-class. The average newly elected representative to the U.S. Congress in 1985 was worth at least $251,296, according to financial disclosure forms filed with the House Ethics Committee and tabulated by the U.S. Public Interest Research Group. That's more than six times the average of $41,358 reported by freshmen in 1978, the first year members of Congress had to disclose their assets in detail. Discounting for inflation, this year's freshmen had an average net worth almost five times that of their predecessors six years ago. But what is especially distinctive about this freshman class is the extent to which they are personally in hock to special interest groups. A novel twist of campaign financing is resulting in the mortgaging of the House.

The '78 and '84 freshmen are actually wealthier than the above numbers indicate. After all, these are the same disclosure forms that got Geraldine Ferraro in so much trouble for omitting the assets of her slumlord husband. The forms don't even ask for specific dollar values. Instead, each asset is assigned to a category, like $15,001-$50,000, or $100,000 and over—which could mean $100,001 or five million dollars. The average net worth figures above are based on the lowest number for each category. In many cases, they don't include substantial assets that need not be reported, such as retirement funds, life insurance policies, and houses. Not surprisingly, then, many of the '84 freshmen at least partly paid their own way to Capitol Hill. On average, they contributed or loaned $50,329 to their campaigns.

But this is not to say that the '84 freshmen bought their seats. If anything, they borrowed them. The $50,207 total is just over ten percent of the average $459,344 that they spent. Almost all of the personal funds the '84 freshmen put into their campaigns were loans. Outright contributions averaged a niggardly $700. Moreover, less than half of these campaign loans came out of the candidate's own pocket. Most common were loans obtained from banks based on the candidate's personal assets.

The practice of candidates' lending—rather than contributing—funds to their own campaigns creates the worst of all possible worlds in terms of money and politics. These candidates use their personal wealth to lend their campaigns money; then they pay themselves back when PAC money rolls in after their election. That's right, PACs can wait until after the election and back the winner after the results are known. *The New York Times* reported on September 16 that Jim Chapman, the Democratic winner of an August special election in Texas, has already sent a letter to PACs that contributed to his Republican opponent inviting them to a fund-raising event in Washington to help retire his campaign debt.

Although any PAC donation is a political investment, these transactions between personal and special interest wealth are shockingly close to a political purchase. These politicians are not just politically indebted to the PAC. They are also personally indebted for having been bailed out of substantial individual liability.

Nearly all of this year's incoming representatives are in this position to some degree. Paul Kanjorski, whose net worth is at least $335,000, decided 50 days before the primary that he'd run for the seat representing the depressed coal-mining town of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania. His own polls showed him trailing the incumbent, Frank Harrison, 61 to nine percent. According to Federal Election Commission reports, Kanjorski had loaned his campaign $117,000 by the end of March. The money went to blanket the district with TV ads. Kanjorski won the primary by four percent, the general election by 18 percent.

ACCORDING to Kanjorski aide Edward Mitchell, "No matter what we did, there was no way we could have won the primary without that money." Mitchell says post-election PAC contributions have allowed Kanjorski to repay himself for about one-third of the money he lent his campaign—contributions that went straight to Kanjorski's personal bank account. In short, the PACs put about $40,000 in Kanjorski's pocket. If the PACs had skipped the middleman and simply handed the money to Kanjorski, they would have been committing bribery. By routing the money through Kanjorski's campaign committee, the transaction became perfectly legal.

Joseph DioGuardi, one of the two millionaires of the class of '84, represents the comfortable New York City suburb of Westchester. His district is also 20 percent black and Hispanic. Not a deep thinker, DioGuardi offended these voters when he said last September that minorities "enjoy having children" because "it gives them another check." DioGuardi's polls showed him ahead by just one percent with 45 percent of the vote undecided a month before the election. Last October DioGuardi loaned his campaign $105,000 to buy 20 television spots in the last weeks of the campaign. He won by just 4,000 votes. The $210,000 he lent his campaign accounted for almost all of his $211,000 spending edge over Oren Teicher, the Democratic nominee. The congressman has repaid himself approximately $100,000 with post-election contributions, one-third raised from PACs.

Tommy Robinson, a former county sheriff who represents the Little Rock area in Arkansas, took this practice to its logical and absurd extreme. Robinson's penchant for half-witted media stunts had made him a very famous sheriff. He once attempted to arrest Bob Hope for "impersonating a comedian" and boasted that he maintained black prisoners on a steady diet of "watermelon and chicken." But because Little Rock TV stations reach the entire state, campaigns there are expensive affairs. Robinson's notoriety, though an asset, was not enough to guarantee victory.

With nothing more in his pocket than some impressive polling data and his weekly before-taxes paycheck of $705, Robinson went to half a dozen banks in Little Rock and secured $441,167 in loans. He convinced the bankers he would be able to pay back the money with post-election

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contributions. Robinson declines to discuss the matter because a complaint about the propriety of the loans is still pending at the Federal Election Commission. His press secretary, however, is quick to point out that the loans have all been paid back—as if closing the deal with the banks and the PACs somehow makes it less unseemly.

In the last hundred years we've taken great pains to democratize the electoral process, extending voting rights to blacks, women, and 18-year-olds. Implicit in the effort to extend the franchise was the understanding that these voters would probably elect people more like themselves, more representative of the diversity of America. Indeed, the goal of broadening the spectrum of elected Americans goes back to the 1840s, when many states in the South abolished exclusionary property qualifications for senators.

But in 1976, when the Supreme Court handed down its decision in *Buckley v. Valeo*, it abolished the limit on the amount candidates could spend on their own campaigns. Inadvertently, the Court has handed down a new de facto property qualification for congressional office. As the cost of campaigns skyrockets, the spectrum is again narrowing. Americans increasingly face an electoral choice that is no choice at all. We can vote for candidates who are wealthy or for candidates whose wealth is mortgaged to special interests.

TONY KAYE

Tony Kaye, a former TNR reporter, is research director of the Democracy Project, a think tank in New York.

A master spy but not a traitor.

ESPIONAGE AMONG FRIENDS

IT IS VINTAGE Le Carré, of course. Only John Cornwell (alias: Le Carré) could have dreamed up this cast and plot. August in Bonn—Le Carré's *Small Town in Germany*. West German counterespionage—Department IV of the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution—is hot on the tracks of two moles smuggled into West Germany 20 years ago by the East German secret service: the dreaded Department of Enlightenment (*Hauptverwaltung Aufklärung*) in the Ministry for State Security. The woman all Bonn knew as "Sonja Lüneburg," for 12 years a genial senior secretary to economics minister and Free Democratic Party leader Martin Bangemann, and another top secretary mole, "Ursula Richter," escape in the nick of time. But then events take a characteristically Le Carré turn. Suddenly, amazingly, the East German news agency announces that the head of Department IV has himself fled to East Berlin and asked for asylum. Was Hans Joachim Tiedge a supermole? Or did he just flee in panic from an insufferable burden of debt, alcoholism, personal problems, and—the last straw—the departure of his boss and "protector," the head of the Federal Office? As the Department of Enlightenment gently wrings all the sweaty secrets of West German counterespionage out of the gross,

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alcohol-sodden frame of Hans Joachim Tiedge, yet another top-level mole is arrested in Bonn. Fifty-year-old spinster Margarete Hoeke, a senior secretary in the Federal president's office, admits to having spied for East Germany for 15 years. She must have told them in graphic detail about the Federal Republic's wartime contingency plannings: she was there in the government's top secret nuclear bunker during NATO's "Wintex" exercise, she saw the minutes of the top secret Federal Security Council. So the champagne corks are popping in the Department of Enlightenment, as another spine-chilling cliff-hanger from the king of spy writers moves to its climax. . . .

Well, forget Le Carré if you can. This is real life and a deeply serious business, not least for those West German agents across Eastern Europe who must now be trembling for their lives. It is one of a very few businesses in which East Germany leads the world. And it is a business—no, an industry—from which the whole Soviet bloc stands to make growing political, economic, and military profits over the next decade.

TRUE, the defectors go both ways through the Berlin Wall (spies are about the only people who can travel freely from Germany to Germany). In 1979, for example, one Lt. Werner Stiller brought the West Germans an extensive file on his former employer, the Ministry for State Security. Thanks to his efforts, some 40 East German agents were blown. But Stiller's bag of secret documents revealed just how extensive the East German surveillance and infiltration is. It includes not just West Germany's political and military establishments, but also most of its key industries: armaments, information technology, nuclear power, electronics, chemicals. The head of the aircraft-engineering department at Messerschmitt-Bülkow-Blohm, West Germany's largest arms manufacturer and a main contractor for the Tornado fighter, was exposed only last autumn. He passed his information directly to the KGB; but he had been recruited in East Berlin by the Ministry for State Security—in 1954. One expert guesstimate puts the number of Soviet bloc agents working in West German high-tech industries at about 1,000, and most of them, for obvious reasons, are Germans recruited by East Berlin. Stiller's bag revealed that no fewer than four of the Department of Enlightenment's 15 main divisions are devoted to science and technology.

Here is the first, fundamental, and growing asymmetry between Eastern and Western espionage: the difference in what the two sides can hope to learn. As the technology gap widens between East and West, there is more and more that the Eastern bloc can hope—and needs—to discover by spying. Thus, even if the two sides did precisely the same thing with the same professional efficiency, there would still be more in it for the East. But there are good reasons for believing that in any case the East does this one thing better.

The basic advantages of the Department of Enlightenment may be summarized as the Three Cs: coordination, continuity, and a closed society. Unlike the West German services, divided between the Federal Intelligence Service (roughly corresponding to the CIA) in Bavaria and the Federal Office for the Protection of the Constitution in Cologne, the Department of Enlightenment is an integral part of one massive security apparatus. Its 1,000 to 1,500 central staff officers work from the forbidding headquarters of the Ministry for State Security in the east end of East Berlin, not far from the memorial to Rosa Luxemburg. Not merely are they all trusted members of the ruling communist party; they actually have their own separate "provincial committee" in the party organization. On the 30th anniversary of the Ministry, party leader Erich Honecker praised their "important party work on the foremost front of the class struggle." You do not need much imagination to guess what would happen to an East German Tiedge who drank too heavily or got into debt. (The Ministry has its own prisons.)

Whereas the West German services have had several bosses, and the top jobs have sometimes changed with the parties in power, the Department of Enlightenment has been led for more than 30 years by General Markus "Mischa" Wolf—son of a distinguished communist playwright, graduate of the Comintern school in Kushnarenkovo (the Eton of international communism), former Red Army officer, and probably still a Soviet citizen, by all accounts a man of exceptional intelligence, culture, sophistication, wit, and coldness.

Finally, Wolf has all the obvious advantages of a closed society facing an open one. Throughout the 1950s he was able to pass his moles freely into the West—and who could detect them among the hundreds of thousands of genuine refugees from communism? Among them were the Messerschmitt spy and Günter Guillaume, the top Social Democratic aide whose exposure in 1974 led to the resignation of Chancellor Willy Brandt. Guillaume had "fled from communism" in 1956. At the same time, Wolf started one of his most successful lines: the secretary moles. Realizing that senior secretaries often have access to a great deal of useful and confidential information, without being subjected to the same degree of security scrutiny as their employers, Wolf sent in a number of women agents with the specific task of becoming secretaries in key government offices and political organizations. Among them: "Sonja Lüneburg" and "Ursula Richter."

WITH THE BUILDING of the Berlin Wall in August 1961, the export of moles must have become more difficult, since only a few thousand East Germans in all now managed to escape to the West every year. But more recently things have become easier again, since one of the central objectives of Bonn's *Deutschlandpolitik*, under both the Schmidt and the Kohl governments, has been precisely to increase the possibilities for East Germans to come to the West. A record 40,000 came across last year. Indeed, the Bonn government actually pays the East German regime considerable sums each year for the release of political prisoners to the West. We cannot exclude the possibili-

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ty that, besides genuine dissenters, these include a few carefully planted spies. No other Soviet bloc leader is in Erich Honecker's enviable position of being able to export his dissidents for hard currency. What if he can export his own spies for hard currency as well!

In the meantime, General Wolf has reinforced his secret army (estimates of its total size range from 3,000 to 20,000) with the help of the two oldest weapons in the book: love and money. The idea of "East German Romeos" sounds inherently improbable, even a contradiction in terms, like "sweet-smelling pigs." But "East German Romeos" it is who have captured the hearts and official secrets of a whole troop of lonesome Bonn Juliets. This is apparently how Margarete Hoeke was recruited 15 years ago.

As for the money, it seems that much of this now goes to West German students, young managers, or scientists, who are paid on a regular basis—say, $135 a month, and perhaps a car thrown in. In return, they find jobs in industries of interest to the Department of Enlightenment. They may go on receiving this scout's stipend for years, as they work their way up in their chosen company, without giving information of any immediate value. But in the long term, the heavy investment that the department started to make in this area in the 1970s will probably pay the kind of dividend that that Messerschmitt manager was able to pay after 30 years.

BUT ARE YOUNG West Germans so easily persuaded to betray their country—for what is, by West German standards, a good deal less than 30 pieces of silver? Is there no West German patriotism? Curiously, the terms "patriotism" and "treason" have been conspicuously absent from the West German discussion of the Tiedge affair. It has generated none of the kind of moral alarm at the fact of treason heard in Britain over Philby or Blunt, and in the United States over the Walker case.

You might expect the arch-conservative Franz-Jozef Strauss to sound this note. Not a bit of it. Strauss said he was critical of the leadership of West German agencies, but "not of the activities of spies and agents." An honorable profession, then? You might expect him to have a few choice insults for the East German spy masters. Wrong again. Instead, he hastened off to meet Erich Honecker at the Leipzig Trade Fair, and to emphasize, by every word and gesture, that the improvement of relations between the two German states should not in any way be hindered by what Honecker, for his part, delicately referred to as recent "turbulences." In this, as in few other fields, Strauss was at one with most of West Germany's political establishment—conservative, liberal, and social democrat. Even the left-liberal press praised him. Moles and defectors come and go: the *Deutschlandpolitik* remains.

Meanwhile, it is left to the Americans to wonder out loud just how much damage has been done to Western security interests, and what the larger implications are for, say, the future sharing of Star Wars technology. How many secretary moles are still in place, ready and waiting to pass it on? Herr Waldemar Schreckenberger, the responsible secretary of state, soothingly observes that "our allies have always shown understanding for West Germany's heightened danger situation in a divided country." This may be a diplomatic way of saying: "Don't worry, the CIA is not so stupid as to tell us much anyway!" Yet so long as West Germany remains the front line of NATO, the military-technological pickings for the Department of Enlightenment are bound to be abundant. And whereas Britain has expelled 150 Soviet spies since 1970 (31 following the recent defection of London KGB chief Oleg Gordiyevsky), West Germany has expelled only five.

What Bonn is saying in effect (and perhaps only half-consciously) is this: "We will do everything we reasonably can to preserve the security of the West, and we will tighten up our own secret services as best we ever can, but what we will *not* do is sacrifice to that end any single one of our precious, fragile links with the other Germany. If General Wolf's spy trade is growing along with 'inner-German relations,' then so be it: we are not going to kill the dog to starve the fleas." This can be irritating to its allies (who also get bitten by the fleas), but if we are irritated we should ask ourselves one question: Is this not a price worth paying to keep West Germany, still so intensely (and, yes, patriotically) preoccupied with its other half, as a relatively happy and loyal member of the Western alliance? Perhaps it is, considering the alternatives. Or, to take the question from another angle: In the long run, can the formidable efficiency of General Wolf's spy industry really do that much to compensate for the even more formidable inefficiency of the rest of the Soviet system?

TIMOTHY GARTON ASH

Timothy Garton Ash is foreign editor for *The Spectator*.

Life-styles of the rich and Filipino.

MARCOS'S NEST EGG

AS THE PHILIPPINES sink deeper into poverty, foreign debt, and political unrest, many of their most prominent citizens are systematically draining vast amounts of wealth from their nation and hiding it overseas. These political and business leaders, who largely determine the Philippines' economic destiny, have poured their personal fortunes into investments in the United States, including condominiums, luxury homes, office buildings, businesses, and banks in California and New York.

Overseas investments have emerged as a potent political issue in the Philippines. President Ferdinand Marcos and his so-called "cronies" have used their leadership position to accumulate large fortunes in the 20 years Mar-

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THE SALVADOR STRATEGY

OUT IN Langley, Virginia, analysts for the Central Intelligence Agency now hold a weekly meeting devoted solely to the Philippines. Over at the Pentagon, the Defense Intelligence Agency is putting together a special task force to monitor events there. At the State Department, George Shultz's briefing materials contain twice as much about the Philippines as they did six months ago. The intelligence officials and policymakers are discussing ways to influence the next elections, and some even advocate getting rid of President Ferdinand Marcos.

The situation is serious enough that approximately 50 employees of the CIA, DIA, and State Department—as well as a few academics and an international banker—met for two days in early August at the National War College in Washington to discuss what the U.S. should do next. A theme of the conference was how to convince Marcos and his powerful and ambitious wife, Imelda, that Washington is serious about democratic reform. One frequently discussed strategy would be to leak to the press "confidential" documents expressing the administration's dissatisfaction with the Marcoses.

Even the legendary Maj. Gen. Edward Lansdale was brought out of retirement to address the gathering. Lansdale, still sprightly at 77, played a colorful role working for the CIA and helping the Philippine government defeat an ethnic/guerrilla uprising in the early 1950s. As part of his activities, Lansdale covertly supported the election of an honest and reformist president in 1953. He then moved over to Vietnam, where he enjoyed less success and where his exploits were acidly memorialized by Graham Greene in *The Quiet American*.

What today's Ed Lansdales are struggling to prevent in the Philippines is the victory of the communist New People's Army. The NPA's growth has directly paralleled Marcos's authoritarian rule. In 1972, when Marcos declared martial law, the NPA did not have enough men under arms to control even the smallest and most remote rural village. Today the NPA has an estimated 10,000 to 15,000 well-armed guerrillas and perhaps as many as one million supporters. The NPA's rallying cry is the "U.S.-Marcos dictatorship," and it is gaining new recruits at the rate of about 20 percent a year, according to the Pentagon.

Some policymakers are urging that Washington withdraw its support from Marcos as a way of undercutting the NPA. A few even advocate that the U.S. work for his ouster. The possibility of a U.S.-backed coup against Marcos has been discussed in general terms within the administration. However, the idea has been rejected, at least for now. In large part this stems from the attitude among some key officials that however corrupt Marcos is, he is pro-U.S., anticommunist, and supports the continued presence of the U.S. bases in the Philippines.

For now, U.S. policymakers are hoping to achieve their objectives by pushing reforms—"building democratic institutions," as several officials phrased it. The goal is to guarantee that the next presidential election, scheduled for 1987, is relatively fair and democratic. This approach is consciously modeled on the administration's policy in El Salvador.

The administration has quietly funneled three million dollars into the Philippines, according to *The San Francisco Examiner*. The money, the *Examiner* reported, has been channeled from the National Endowment for Democracy through the Asian American Free Labor Institute. Though ostensibly an arm of the AFL-CIO, the institute receives the bulk of its funding from the U.S. government and has historic links to the CIA. AFLI's brother organization, the American Institute for Free Labor Development, was a conduit for U.S. funds to the Salvadoran elections.

But there are serious obstacles to the Salvadoran approach in the Philippines. As one person told the War College gathering, "There can be no reform with Marcos." Marcos has, for example, appointed three loyalists to the Government Commission on Elections while revoking the accreditation of the independent National Citizens Committee for Free Elections, which was founded by Lansdale and was widely praised for its monitoring role in the 1984 parliamentary elections.

What really angered the U.S. policymakers hoping for meaningful reforms was Marcos's decision to bring the country's local police forces, the Integrated National Police, under the control of Malacannang Palace, the Philippine White House. Marcos's move will give him even greater control over voters on the next election day.

With Marcos increasingly resistant to reform, U.S. policymakers are searching for a candidate to back against him. Ideal would be another José Napoleón Duarte, who has served the administration well in El Salvador. But most of the Philippine opposition leaders are decisively more liberal than the Reagan administration. For example, a "Declaration of Unity" signed by 14 major noncommunist leaders last December demanded that "ownership of the principal means of production must be diffused and income equitably distributed to promote development, combat poverty, and ensure the rational utilization of resources."

Moreover, many of these opposition leaders say that if they take office they will make some sort of a deal with the NPA, including bringing some of the Marxists into the government. The Reagan administration is obviously opposed to negotiations with Marxists.

As Washington scrambles for a solution, only two things seem clear. One is that there is no consensus on exactly what the United States should or can do. The second is that the situation is rapidly deteriorating (that was one of the few areas of agreement at the War College conference). One intelligence source, who has been monitoring the intelligence reports from the Philippines and who consulted with U.S. officials, said, "I have never heard such pessimism about any situation in all the years I've been in Washington."

RAYMOND BONNER

Raymond Bonner, a former *New York Times* correspondent, is the author of *Weakness and Deceit: U.S. Policy and El Salvador*. He is working on a book about U.S. policy toward the Marcos government.

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cos has been in power. Some opposition leaders abroad have made it their bitter vocation to track the holdings of the Marcos circle. Our articles last June in the San Jose, California, *Mercury News* about the extensive U.S. investments of Marcos and his associates were reprinted in major opposition newspapers and discussed in radio broadcasts and sermons. More than 50 members of Parliament signed a resolution calling for impeachment hearings. Marcos countered the resolution with a threat to dissolve Parliament and hold presidential elections in November. Marcos has now apparently dropped the idea of early elections, but the political fallout continues.

At the center of the controversy are Marcos and his wife, Imelda. Like many Filipinos who have invested overseas, they use holding corporations or business associates to handle their transactions. The complex system makes it difficult to identify the real owners and to identify the relationships between businesses involved in the investments. But Pablo Figueroa, a former business partner of Mrs. Marcos, charged in a lawsuit filed in March 1984 that Mrs. Marcos "does business in New York State systematically and continuously" and that her activities included "extensive real estate purchasing, improving, developing and managing." Figueroa also said that Mrs. Marcos used agents and nominees "to keep hidden her personal . . . involvement" in the transactions.

Figueroa said that in 1981 Mrs. Marcos and several partners, using a Curaçao corporation called Ancor Holdings N.V., bought an estate on several acres of property in suburban Long Island known as Lindenmere, planning to expand it into a $19 million resort. But Mrs. Marcos abandoned those plans and converted Lindenmere into a private estate. In the process, Figueroa said that she failed to pay him one million dollars she had promised as his share in the deal.

FIGUEROA HAS SINCE agreed to drop his lawsuit, according to his attorney. (Mrs. Marcos's attorney refused to comment on the suit.) But Figueroa's suit was identical in its allegations to one filed in 1984 by a partner of Figueroa, August M. Camacho. That suit, which also named Mrs. Marcos as defendant, ended with a substantial settlement for Camacho.

There is also evidence to support allegations that the Marcoses own other properties in the United States. A home in Princeton, New Jersey, is owned by an offshore corporation that is represented by the same law firm that represents Ancor Holdings. Police officials in Princeton say the home is used by Marcos family members.

The Marcoses are also linked to three condominiums in a Fifth Avenue apartment building in Manhattan. According to real estate records, the adjoining condominiums are owned by a Hong Kong corporation whose agent is a woman named Vilma Bautista. Bautista is also Mrs. Marcos's personal secretary in New York and a staff member for the Philippines U.N. delegation. She denies knowing anything about the condominiums. "There are so many names, there are so many numbers," she told us. "This could be another Vilma Bautista."

Other prominent Filipino government officials also often employed surrogates or offshore corporations for their overseas investments. Defense Minister Juan Ponce Enrile and his wife, for example, purchased a $1.8 million mansion in San Francisco through a company called Renatsac Inc., which is Enrile's wife's maiden name spelled backward. Enrile claims the mansion "was bought by a company and has been sold. We—my wife—was acting for someone. I won't tell you who it was. It's since been sold." Geronimo Velasco, Marcos's energy minister, occasionally resides at a $925,000 estate in a suburb of San Francisco, whose registered owner is a Hong Kong company called Decision Research Management Ltd.

Businessmen intimate with Marcos rely on the same methods. Antonio Floirendo is the banana baron of the Philippines. His business has thrived since Marcos came to power in 1972. Floirendo is also a director of Ancor Holdings N.V. Floirendo's own properties in the United States include three sugar refineries in Boston, Chicago, and Brooklyn, for which he paid $11.7 million, according to U.S. Securities Exchange Commission documents. He owns a one-million-dollar mansion in the Makaki Heights area of Honolulu and maintains a residence in the same Fifth Avenue apartment building where the three condominiums linked to Mrs. Marcos are located. A company called United Motors is listed as the owner of the condominium; Philippine records show that United Motors & Equipment is owned by Floirendo. Jose Y. Campos, a businessman said to be a close financial adviser to Marcos, used a firm called UNAM Investment Corp., registered in the Netherlands Antilles, to buy nine million dollars in property in downtown Seattle.

In other cases, real estate is held in the name of trusted American lawyers or agents. "I 'own' more goddamn property," said one American lawyer in San Francisco who has invested for prominent Filipinos for 15 years. "Tomorrow, if I wanted, I could sell $50 million worth of real property, get the money, and abscond. I could go to Rio and just say, 'Bye-bye, baby.' I just wouldn't, 'cause they trust me."

CAPITAL FLIGHT from the Philippines surged shortly after the assassination of opposition leader Benigno S. Aquino Jr. in 1983, according to a special study last year by the Northern California Interfaith Committee on Corporate Responsibility in San Francisco. The study found, "Out of fear of political and economic turbulence, over a billion dollars left the Philippines" in three months after the Aquino assassination. Marcos has issued a decree making it illegal for Filipinos to export large sums of cash or hold foreign exchange accounts without approval from the nation's Central Bank. But even Philippine government officials acknowledge deficiencies in the laws, which do not forbid overseas investments per se.

In fact, U.S. real estate agents relate instances in which their Filipino clients have plopped shopping bags stuffed with cash on their desks, no questions asked, to be used

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for investment in property. "It is illegal, and every once in a while, there'll be fines and confiscations," said the San Francisco lawyer who represents Filipinos and who insisted on anonymity. "But if the Philippine government really did anything about this, they'd be indicting all their own officials. They're the biggest offenders."

IN THE VIEW of the opposition, extravagant foreign purchases compound the injustice of a regime that has favored a loyal few at the expense of millions of others. As reports of corruption proliferated between 1971 and 1979, the Philippines' large income-distribution gap widened even further. According to a study released last year by economists at the University of the Philippines, the poorest 60 percent of the households, which had received only 25 percent of total income in 1971, saw their share drop to 22.5 percent in 1979. The richest ten percent of the population, on the other hand, increased their share of total income to 41.7 percent from 37.1 percent in the same period.

Capital flight has probably made matters worse. According to Verne Dickey, an economist at the State Department, some Philippine factories have laid off workers or closed because there were no foreign currency reserves with which to buy raw materials and spare parts. U.S. Ambassador Stephen Bosworth relayed official American concern over the problem at a news conference in Manila in August 1984. Citing a leading Filipino economist's estimate that residents had removed more than ten billion dollars in recent years, Bosworth said, "Now, if even half of that would return to the Philippines for private investment, it would make a considerable difference here."

Some Filipino officials, including the Marcoses, denied that they owned any property in the United States. But the Marcos's statement added that the government's policy is to allow overseas investment: "So long as the acquisitions are legal, nobody can question the owners' right to these properties."

Energy Minister Velasco also flatly denied owning any property abroad, although his nephew Patrick de Borja told us that the Woodside mansion is a "family house," and that Velasco stays there when he is in the area. Soon after the *Mercury News* series was published, Velasco offered to resign, but was reportedly persuaded to stay on by Marcos.

Defense Minister Enrile said that the propriety of U.S. investment "depends on the magnitude of money." In the past Enrile and his wife have owned three San Francisco properties, and Enrile acknowledged currently owning one condominium there. "If the holdings are of such a magnitude as billions of dollars, I'd say it would be just to get it out of the Philippines and I'd agree that it was harmful. But when I acquired mine, the economy of the Philippines was not what it is today. It was stable and strong," he said.

One Filipino leader who spoke freely was Nemesio I. Yabut, mayor of Makati, the financial district of Manila. A former policeman and cargo handler, Yabut has served as mayor of Makati since 1971 and is a strong supporter of Marcos. He comes to the Bay Area twice a year for medical checkups at Stanford University Medical Center.

Early one evening in May, Yabut answered the door of his $520,000 pink-stucco home in San Francisco's exclusive St. Francis Woods in pajamas and a bathrobe, and agreed to discuss his properties. He confirmed real estate records indicating he has owned, over the past few years, not only the two-story home, in his wife's name, but a $900,000 apartment building, at least two condominiums, and a San Francisco seafood restaurant called the Old Clam House. "But I'm only a lowly mayor," Yabut said. "I have very little money. . . . I'm small-fry."

Yabut confessed that he worried about publicity concerning his U.S. holdings, most of which have been in his own name, but insisted he had done nothing illegal. Although he has taken money out of the Philippines, he said, he also has brought money back. Nor, he said, has he illegally traded currency or neglected to pay U.S. taxes. "I remember the story of Al Capone," he said. "Al Capone was never convicted of anything but tax evasion."

U.S. real estate investments by Marcos's inner circle are merely the "tip of the iceberg," according to a senior executive with one of the largest banks in the Philippines. "You're not seeing the securities, the Swiss bank vaults," he said in an interview in Manila. "The important thing is, it's unlikely that any of this money will return to the Philippines when transition is complete and we have stability. When their patron saint [Marcos] goes, most of them will go overseas to stay; most of them already hold green cards. These people have not bought U.S. real estate as a financial investment; it's for their retirement when they can no longer stay in the Philippines."

PETE CAREY, KATHERINE ELLISON, AND LEWIS M. SIMONS

Pete Carey and Katherine Ellison are staff writers for the San Jose *Mercury News*. Lewis M. Simons is the *Mercury News*'s correspondent in Tokyo.

At a Chinese writers' conference.

BUDS OF FREEDOM

MANY OF CHINA'S writers were less than enthusiastic when they heard there was to be a national Writers' Conference in December 1984. Just the previous fall, during the campaign against "spiritual pollution," a number of them—along with pop singers and disseminators of "yellow," or pornographic, videotapes—had been accused of "creating disorder in the minds of the young" and "spreading doubts about socialism and the Commu-

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nist Party." Several of the younger writers, who had been exploring the costs of the Cultural Revolution and the role of self-expression and humanism in art and society, had been forced to make public self-criticisms, and older writers had been mobilized to speak out against them. This technique of pitting intimates against each other had been reminiscent of China's most repressive political campaigns.

What's more, although the campaign ended suddenly in early 1984, the slates of delegates to the Writers' Conference had been established under its shadow. Many of China's more outspoken writers had not been invited, and a number of those on the roster told us they originally had little interest in attending: the pre-conference meeting held in October, presided over by propaganda minister Deng Liqun, chief architect of the campaign, was said to have sounded unpleasant warnings against "bourgeois liberalism."

TYPICALLY, the fall 1983 campaign had been driven more by political differences within the party than by any specific grievances against its victims. It reflected an attempt by some ideological hard-liners to combat the party reformers. The attempt didn't succeed. The movement was called to a halt when such essential aspects of the modernization program as trade with the West and the free-market economy developing in the countryside began to be threatened, and the reformers reasserted control.

The repeated repressions of intellectuals by the Communist Party had greatly contributed to its unpopularity, and reformers knew that they needed the support of the country's intellectuals. So, our writer friends told us, Central Committee leader Wan Li stepped in and made an "internal" speech for distribution to high-ranking officials, saying that the party had never understood literature and art. He not only seemed to be discarding the tired theme that writers are the tools for instilling socialist morals, but to be recommending that the conference be a forum for the advancement of artistic freedom. Word of the speech soon reached many members of the intellectual community.

A number of writers who had been excluded from the conference suddenly received personal invitations. One of them was a young writer from Shaanxi province named Jia Pingao. Jia had been fiercely attacked during the campaign against spiritual pollution. Some of the most influential national literary magazines published detailed critiques of the negativism, cynicism, and lack of heroes in his work. The municipal party committee in the city of Xian had called in Jia on several occasions to read him documents that criticized his writing. He had been forced to respond with ritual confessions of guilt.

All of the public attention, however, only strengthened Jia's literary reputation. He told us that the Shaanxi provincial propaganda department had found it virtually impossible to find other writers willing to write denunciations of him. The man finally coerced into the job sought him out in advance to apologize; the young woman party member charged with leading criticism meetings at his work unit was an old friend and editor, and the two met beforehand to find a way of getting through it unscathed. There was strong sentiment that Jia and other conspicuously omitted writers should be invited to attend. "Jia Pingao's stock has just gone up, you see," his friend pointed out. "Since the campaign against spiritual pollution he's become famous!" In the end, Jia not only participated, but was elected as an officer of the influential writers' association.

Some writers were unaware how extraordinary the meeting was to be until young Secretariat-member Hu Qili gave the opening address. He told them:

> Literary creation is a spiritual labor. . . . It is necessary to give free rein to individual creativity, powers of observation, and imagination. It is necessary to have a deep understanding and unique opinions of life, as well as unique artistic techniques. The writer must think for himself, have full freedom to choose subjects, themes, express his own feelings, excitement, and thought. . . .
>
> For a long time, the party has interfered too much. . . . The cadres sent by the party to the literature and art associations are good comrades, but they don't understand much about literature and art, and have harmed the relationship between the party and literature and art workers. . . .

A number of unpopular leaders were absent, with excuses of illness, including propaganda minister Deng Liqun. Also absent was art theorist Zhou Yang, who was in genuinely poor health. Zhou had been one of the chief targets of the campaign against spiritual pollution for his discussions of socialist alienation and Marxist humanism. When the messages of congratulations from the absent left-leaning leaders were conveyed, there was only polite reaction from the audience. When Zhou Yang's words were read, there was a standing ovation, with thunderous applause for a full five minutes.

ONE OF THE THEMES of the meeting became the writers' hatred and fear of leftist persecution. *People's Daily* arts page editor Yuan Ying's complaints were even published in advance:

> In literature and art, the history of leftism is long and deep, the damage great . . . it has reached the point that although the Gang of Four was smashed eight years ago, there has still been no strong and clear criticism of leftist thought. There has even been a strange phenomenon: in the economy, leftism is opposed, but in literature and art, rightism is. This is not logical, practical, or defensible.

To some, even more interesting than the speeches was the rebellion behind the scenes by writers against the slates of delegates their local propaganda departments had selected for elections to the writers' council. The writers' associations were supposed to be mass organizations, they said, like clubs for writers, not party-controlled bureaucracies that existed to control and criticize them. Some provinces added candidates, others selected new ones. The results were embarrassing for the official arts bureau-

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Is China 'Different'?

Various methods have been adopted in the West to dodge the issue of human rights in China. One of these is articulated in several variations on a basic theme: "China is different."

First variation: "Human rights are a Western concept, and thus have no relevance to the Chinese context." The inherent logic here amounts to saying: "Human rights are one of those luxuries that befit wealthy and advanced Westerners; it is preposterous to imagine that natives of exotic countries could be interested in a similar privilege." Or, more simply: "Human rights do not apply to the Chinese, because they are not really human."

Yet human rights are not a foreign notion in Chinese modern history. Nearly a century ago, the leading thinker and political reformer Kang Youwei (1858-1927) made it the cornerstone of his political philosophy. Under the first Republic, a human rights movement developed effectively as a protest against the "white terror" of the Kuomintang: the famous China League for Civil Rights was founded in 1932 and mobilized the intellectual elite of the time, with prestigious figures such as Cai Yuanpei, Song Qingling, and Lu Xun. It also had its martyrs, such as Yang Quan (assassinated in 1933). As for the current situation, foreigners who pretend that "the Chinese are not interested in human rights" are obviously blind and deaf. The Chinese were forcefully expressing this very demand on the Democracy Wall, and popular pressure became so great that even the official newspapers finally had to acknowledge its existence.

Second variation: "We must respect China's right to be different." One could draw interesting logical extensions of that principle. Had Hitler refrained from invading neighboring countries and merely slaughtered his own Jews at home, some might have said: "Slaughtering Jews is probably a German idiosyncrasy; we must respect Germany's right to be different."

Third variation: "China has always been subjected to despotic regimes, so there is no particular reason for us to become indignant at this one." Such reasoning is faulty twice over; first because past atrocities have never justified present ones, and second because Chinese traditional government was far less despotic than Maoism. The great ages of Chinese civilization, such as the Tang and the Northern Song, present a political sophistication that had no equivalent in the world until modern times. Other periods were markedly more despotic, and some (Qin, Ming) even tried to achieve a kind of totalitarianism. But they were hampered by technical obstacles (genuine totalitarianism had to wait for 20th-century technology to become really feasible). Ming politics were ruthless, but only for the relatively small fraction of the population that was politically active or in contact with government organs. In the mid-16th century Chinese officialdom consisted of some 10,000 to 15,000 civil servants in a total population of about 150 million. This tiny group was concentrated in the cities, while most of the population lived in the villages. Distance and slow communications preserved the autonomy of most countryside communities. Taxation represented the only administrative interference in the life of the peasants, and simply by paying their taxes the people were buying their freedom from most other governmental interventions. The great majority of Chinese could spend a lifetime without ever coming into contact with a representative of imperial authority.

The last dynasty, which ruled China for nearly three centuries, the Qing government, however authoritarian, was far less lawless than the Maoist regime; it had a penal code that determined which officials were entitled to carry out arrests, which crimes entailed the death penalty, and so on. Maoist China has been living for 30 years in a legal vacuum, which, as we have read in the official press, eventually enabled countless local tyrants to govern capriciously and establish their own private jails where they could torture and execute their personal enemies.

Fourth variation: "Respect for the individual is a Western characteristic"; in China (I quote from an eminent American bureaucrat) there is "an utterly natural acceptance of the age-old Confucian tradition of subordinating individual liberty to collective obligation." In other words, the millions of Chinese dissidents, branded as "class enemies" (as are their descendants—the classification is hereditary), who are jailed and executed merely for expressing their heterodox opinions, are reduced to being social outcasts, or are herded into labor camps. The good, traditional Chinese, imbued with "the age-old Confucian tradition of subordinating individual liberty to collective obligations," are supposed to be perfectly satisfied with their fate. If they are not, they prove that they are un-Chinese, and thus presumably unworthy of our attention!

In all of these variations, "difference" has been the key concept. If Soviet dissidents have received far more sympathy in the West, is it because they are Caucasians while the Chinese are "different"? When Maoist sympathizers use such arguments, they echo die-hard racists of the colonial-imperialist era. At that time the "Chinese difference" was a leitmotiv among Western entrepreneurs, to justify their exploitation of the "natives": Chinese did not feel hunger, cold, and pain; only ignorant sentimentalists and innocent bleeding hearts would worry on behalf of these swarming crowds of yellow coolies. Most of the rationalizations that are now proposed for ignoring the human rights issue in China are rooted in the same mentality.

Of course, there are cultural differences—the statement is a tautology, since "difference" is the very essence of culture. But if from there one extrapolates differences that could restrict the relevance of human rights to certain nations only, this would amount to a denial of the universal character of human nature: such an attitude in turn opens the doors to a line of reasoning whose nightmarish yet logical development ends in the very barbarity that this century witnessed a few decades ago, during the Nazi era.

Simon Leys

From *The Burning Forest: Essays on Chinese Culture and Politics* (to be published in January by New Republic Books/Holt, Rinehart and Winston). Simon Leys is also the author of *Chinese Shadows* (Viking).

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cracy. Many party darlings were not reelected, and those who were made it by a shamefully low margin.

Despite such exciting events, some writers remained doubtful that the party would fulfill its promises. Several writers told us that emotions were very different from those during and after the last writers' conference in 1979, when writers naively believed that extreme leftism had been dealt a deathly blow. The campaign against "bourgeois liberalism" that followed soon after had come as a shock. This time, many had grown wiser. Few assumed that artistic freedom *under the Communist Party* meant they had the freedom to speak against the party and socialism. They were well aware that freedom that has been "given" from above can just as easily be taken away again.

ONE OF THE SPEECHES at the meeting was particularly revealing of this mood. Wu Zuguang, a respected novelist, told the audience how difficult it had been to decide to speak. His wife, whose life had been ruined because of remarks he had made in 1957 just before the anti-rightist movement, had read his draft repeatedly, modifying it to make it safer. She warned that if he was too truthful, she would rise in the middle of the meeting and prevent him from continuing. A famous actress, she had once been ordered by the minister of culture to divorce her husband. When she refused, she was persecuted: applauded on stage (too famous to be forbidden to perform), she was sent to clean outhouses when off. After seven years of digging air raid shelters, she had a stroke and lost the use of one of her hands. Wu Zuguang described the great price paid for Hu Qili's guarantees of artistic freedom by reminding his listeners of how many writers and intellectuals had perished over the past 30 years under the party's leadership. How could anyone be sure there would be no further repression?

Wu's cautious attitude appears to be well-founded. In a speech several months after the conference, party secretary Hu Yaobang offered a far more conservative interpretation of artistic freedom than that offered by Hu Qili:

> The social function of artists . . . is, through their art, to inspire and educate the people, to exert a subtle influence on their souls. This function, in the words frequently quoted by Comrade [Deng] Xiaoping, is precisely the function of "engineers of the souls of the people." Indeed, the party's writers will also express the party's nature and support the party's line, direction, and policies, and will also convey the voice of the party in their own works. But the party should never tell this or that writer what to write. . . . Only then can written works be truly affecting, truly of educational value. . . .

Jia Pingao told us, "We've come to expect constant fluctuations between looseness and tightness. Few people think that the current 'warm' climate will last indefinitely." Still, most writers seem greatly encouraged by the signs of change. Jia said that since the conference he had been publishing freely, and would continue to do so as long as he could, at which point he could always write what he called "drawer" literature—writing that stayed in his desk until it could be taken out. For the first time in recent memory, writers are struggling not primarily against political restrictions on subject and literary technique, but within themselves, to find out whether, after all these years, they are able to produce world-class literature.

Many artists and writers worry that China has not produced any work of international stature since the 1930s, and fear they may be incapable of anything but the usual small adventures into forbidden zones. They trace the problem not only to their internalization of socialist restrictions (for they know that the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe's literature is flourishing), but to facets of Chinese national character such as passivity and the non-combative relationship of Chinese intellectuals to authority.

Older writers have been treated as functionaries for decades, some struggling courageously on the borders of the acceptable and occasionally paying the price, but many more becoming writing machines sensitive above all to every political shift. The middle-aged generation of ex-rightists, though often courageous, is seen by many young writers as seeking only the freedom to criticize the dark side of society, while remaining strongly in the socialist realist tradition. And some of China's greatest writers, like Shen Congwen, long ago retreated to virtual silence. "Now you tell them they have artistic freedom," one elderly historian told us, "and they don't quite know what to do with it. In some ways it's harder to be a writer than ever."

The younger writers are doing their best to strike away from the sterility of recent political traditions. They hope to draw on China's primitive traditions as well as on modern Western literary techniques, and are particularly interested in South American writers who have combined social awareness with myth. Some make expeditions into China's backwaters, to speak to old sorcerers and collect ancient legends.

There is an excellent chance that their experiments will bear fruit. In the availability of raw material, literary sensibility, and richness of language, China provides all the conditions for many masterpieces. But the fragile liberties now being explored cannot be separated from the reform movement. The reformers may yet have to make quick sacrifices of personal and intellectual freedoms if their economic programs run into serious difficulties and they are unable to hold their ground against strong attacks from more orthodox leaders. As one reformer told us, they are "groping for stepping-stones while crossing the river," unsure even themselves where their experiments are leading.

JUDITH SHAPIRO AND LIANG HENG

Two new books on China by Judith Shapiro and Liang Heng will be published in 1986. Liang Heng is editor-in-chief of *The Chinese Intellectual*, a Chinese-language quarterly devoted to the exchange of ideas between the West and China.

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The better path to black progress.

BEYOND CIVIL RIGHTS

BY GLENN C. LOURY

THERE IS TODAY a great deal of serious discussion among black Americans concerning the problems confronting them. Many, if not most, people now concede that not all problems of blacks are due to discrimination, and that they cannot be remedied through civil rights strategies or racial politics. I would go even further: using civil rights strategies to address problems to which they are ill-suited thwarts more direct and effective action. Indeed, the broad application of these strategies to every case of differential achievement between blacks and whites threatens to make it impossible for blacks to achieve full equality in American society.

The civil rights approach has two essential aspects: first, the cause of a particular socioeconomic disparity is identified as racial discrimination; and second, advocates seek such remedies for the disparity as the courts and administrative agencies provide under the law.

There are fundamental limitations on this approach deriving from our liberal political heritage. What can this strategy do about those important contractual relationships that profoundly affect one's social and economic status but in which racial discrimination is routinely practiced? Choice of marital partner is an obvious example. People discriminate here by race with a vengeance. A black woman does not have an opportunity equal to that of a white woman to become the wife of a given white man. Since white men are on the whole better off financially than black men, this racial inequality of opportunity has substantial monetary costs to black women. Yet surely it is to be hoped that the choice of husband or wife will always be beyond the reach of the law.

The example is not facetious. All sorts of voluntary associations—neighborhoods, friends, business partnerships—are the result of choices often influenced by racial criteria, but which lie beyond the reach of civil rights laws. A fair housing law cannot prevent a disgruntled white resident from moving away if his neighborhood becomes predominantly or even partly black. Busing for desegregation cannot prevent unhappy parents from sending their children to private schools. Withdrawal of university support for student clubs with discriminatory selection rules cannot prevent student cliques from forming along racial lines. And a vast majority of Americans would have it no other way.

As a result, the nondiscrimination mandate has not been allowed to interfere much with personal, private, and intimately social intercourse. Yet such exclusive social connections along group lines have important economic consequences. An extensive literature in economics and sociology documents the crucial importance of family and community background in determining a child's later success in life. Lacking the right "networks," blacks with the same innate abilities as whites wind up less successful. And the elimination of racial discrimination in the economic sphere—but not in patterns of social attachment—will probably not be enough to make up the difference. There are thus elemental limits on what one can hope to achieve through the application of civil rights strategies to what must of necessity be a restricted domain of personal interactions.

The civil rights strategy has generally been restricted to the domain of impersonal, public, and economic transactions such as jobs, credit, and housing. Even in these areas, the efficacy of this strategy can be questioned. The lagging economic condition of blacks is due in significant part to the nature of social life *within* poor black communities. After two decades of civil rights efforts, more than three-fourths of children in some inner-city ghettos are born out of wedlock; black high school dropout rates hover near 50 percent in Chicago and Detroit; two-fifths of murder victims in the country are blacks killed by other blacks; fewer black women graduate from college than give birth while in high school; more than two in five black children are dependent on public assistance. White America's lack of respect for blacks' civil rights cannot be blamed for all these sorry facts. This is not to deny that, in some basic sense, most of these difficulties are related to our history of racial oppression, but only to say that these problems have taken on a life of their own, and cannot be effectively reversed by civil rights policies.

Higher education is a case in point. In the not too distant past, blacks, Asians, and women faced severe obstacles to attending or teaching at American colleges and universities, especially at the most prestigious institutions. Even after black scholars studied at the great institutions, their only possibilities for employment were at the historically

Glenn C. Loury is professor of political economy at Harvard's John F. Kennedy School of Government and is currently on leave at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton.

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black colleges, where they faced large teaching loads and burdensome administrative duties. Their accomplishments were often acknowledged by their white peers only grudgingly, if at all.

Today opportunities for advanced education and academic careers for blacks abound. Major universities throughout the country are constantly searching for qualified black candidates to hire as professors, or to admit to study. Most state colleges and universities near black population centers have made a concerted effort to reach those in the inner city. Almost all institutions of higher learning admit blacks with lower grades or test scores than white students. There are special programs funded by private foundations to help blacks prepare for advanced study in medicine, economics, engineering, public policy, law, and other fields.

YET, WITH ALL these opportunities (and despite improvement in some areas), the number of blacks advancing in the academic world is distressingly low. The percentage of college students who are black, after rising throughout the 1970s, has actually begun to decline. And though the proportion of doctorates granted to blacks has risen slightly over the last decade, a majority of black doctorates are still earned in the field of education. Despite constant pressure to hire black professors and strenuous efforts to recruit them, the percentage of blacks on elite university faculties has remained constant or fallen in the past decade.

Meanwhile, other groups traditionally excluded are making impressive gains. Asian-Americans, though less than two percent of the population, make up 6.6 percent of U.S. scientists with doctorates; they constitute 7.5 percent of the students at Yale, and nine percent at Stanford. The proportion of doctorates going to women has risen from less than one-seventh to nearly one-third in the last decade. Less than two percent of Harvard professors at all ranks are black, but more than 25 percent are women.

Now, it is entirely possible that blacks experience discrimination at these institutions. But as anyone who has spent time in an elite university community knows, these institutions are not racist in character, nor do they deny opportunities to blacks with outstanding qualifications. The case can be made that just the opposite is true—that these institutions are so anxious to raise the numbers of blacks in their ranks that they overlook deficiencies when making admissions or appointment decisions involving blacks.

One obvious reason for skepticism about discrimination as the cause of the problem here is the relatively poor academic performance of black high school and college students. Black performance on standardized college admissions tests, though improving, still lags far behind whites. In 1982 there were only 205 blacks in the entire country who scored above 700 on the math component of the SAT. And, as Robert Klitgaard shows convincingly in his book *Choosing Elites*, post-admissions college performance by black students is less than that of whites, even when controlling for differences in high school grades and SAT scores. These differences in academic performance are not just limited to poor blacks, or to high school students. On the SAT exam, blacks from families with incomes in excess of $50,000 per year still scored 60 to 80 points below comparable whites. On the 1982 Graduate Record Exam, the gap between black and white students' average scores on the mathematics component of this test was 171 points. According to Klitgaard, black students entering law school in the late 1970s had median scores on the LSAT at the eighth percentile of all students' scores.

Such substantial differences in educational results are clearly a matter of great concern. Arguably, the government should be actively seeking to attenuate them. But it seems equally clear that this is not a civil rights matter that can be reversed by seeking out and changing someone's discriminatory behavior. Moreover, it is possible that great harm will be done if the problem is defined and pursued in those terms.

TAKE THE CONTROVERSY over racial quotas at the Boston Latin School, the pride and joy of the city's public school system. It was founded before Harvard, in 1635, and it has been recognized ever since as a center of academic excellence. Boston Latin maintains its very high standards through a grueling program of study, including Latin, Greek, calculus, history, science, and the arts. Three hours of homework per night are typical. College admissions personnel acknowledge the excellence of this program; 95 percent of the class of 1985 will go to college.

The institution admits its students on the basis of their marks in primary school and performance on the Secondary School Admissions Test. In 1974, when Boston's public schools became subject to court-ordered desegregation, Judge Arthur Garrity considered closing Boston Latin, because the student population at the time was more than 90 percent white. In the end, a racial admissions quota was employed, requiring that 35 percent of the entering classes be black and Hispanic. Of the 2,245 students last year, over half were female, 57 percent white, 23 percent black, 14 percent Asian, and six percent Hispanic.

Historically the school has maintained standards through a policy of academic "survival of the fittest." Those who were unable to make it through the academic rigors simply transferred to another school. Thus, there has always been a high rate of attrition; it is now in the range of 30 percent to 40 percent. But today, unlike the pre-desegregation era, most of those who do not succeed at Boston Latin are minority students. Indeed, though approximately 35 percent of each entering class is black and Hispanic, only 16 percent of last year's senior class was. That is, for each non-Asian minority student who graduates from Latin, there is one who did not. The failure rate for whites is about half that. Some advocates of minority student interest have complained of

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discrimination, saying in effect that the school is not doing enough to assist those in academic difficulty. Yet surely one reason for the poor performance of the black and Hispanic students is Judge Garrity's admissions quota. To be considered for admission, whites must score at the 70th percentile or higher on the admissions exam, while blacks and Hispanics need only score above the 50th percentile.

RECENTLY THOMAS Atkins, former general counsel of the NAACP, who has been representing the black plaintiffs in the Boston school desegregation lawsuit, which has been going on for ten years, proposed that the quota at Boston Latin be raised to roughly 50 percent black, 20 percent Hispanic and Asian, and 30 percent white—a reflection of the racial composition of the rest of Boston's public schools. Unless there were a significant increase in the size of the school, this could only be accomplished by doubling the number of blacks admitted while cutting white enrollment in half. This in turn, under plausible distributional assumptions, would require that the current difference of 20 points in the minimum test scores required of black and white students accepted be approximately doubled. Since the additional black students admitted would be less prepared than those admitted under the current quota, one would expect an even higher failure rate among minorities were this plan to be accepted. The likely consequence would be that more than three-fourths of those leaving Boston Latin without a degree would be blacks and Hispanics. It is also plausible to infer that such an action would profoundly alter, if not destroy, the academic climate in the school.

This is not simply an inappropriate use of civil rights methods, though it is surely that. It is an almost wanton moral surrender. By what logic of pedagogy can these students' difficulties be attributed to racism, in view of the fact that the school system has been run by court order for over a decade? By what calculus of fairness can those claiming to be fighting for justice argue that outstanding white students, many from poor homes themselves (80 percent of Latin graduates require financial aid in college), should be denied the opportunity for this special education so that minority students who are not prepared for it may nonetheless enroll? Is there so little faith in the aptitude of the minority young people that the highest standards should not be held out for them? It would seem that the real problem here—a dearth of academically outstanding black high school students in Boston—is not amenable to rectification by court order.

Another example from the field of education illustrates the "opportunity costs" of the civil rights strategy. In 1977 the Ann Arbor public school system was sued by public interest lawyers on behalf of a group of black parents with children in the primary grades. The school system was accused of denying equal educational opportunity to these children. The problem was that the black students were not learning how to read at an acceptable rate, though the white youngsters were. The suit alleged that by failing to take into account in the teaching of reading to these children the fact that they spoke an identifiable, distinct dialect of the English language—Black English—the black students were denied equal educational opportunity. The lawsuit was successful.

As a result, in 1979 the court ordered that reading teachers in Ann Arbor be given special "sensitivity" training so that, while teaching standard English to these children, they might take into account the youngsters' culturally distinct patterns of speech. Ann Arbor's public school system has dutifully complied. A recent discussion of this case with local educators revealed that, as of six years after the initial court order, the disparity in reading achievement between blacks and whites in Ann Arbor persists at a level comparable to the one before the lawsuit was brought. It was their opinion that, though of enormous symbolic importance, the entire process had produced little in the way of positive educational impact on the students.

This is not intended as a condemnation of those who brought the suit, nor do I offer here any opinion on whether promotion of Black English is a good idea. What is of interest is the process by which the problem was defined, and out of which a remedy was sought. In effect, the parents of these children were approached by lawyers and educators active in civil rights, and urged to help their children learn to read by bringing this action. Literally thousands of hours went into conceiving and trying this case. Yet, in the end only a hollow, symbolic victory was won.

But it is quite possible that this line of attack on the problem caused other more viable strategies not to be pursued. For example, a campaign to tutor the first and second graders might have made an impact, giving them special attention and extra hours of study through the voluntary participation of those in Ann Arbor possessing the relevant skills. With roughly 35,000 students at the University of Michigan's Ann Arbor campus (a fair number of whom are black), it would have required that only a fraction of one percent of them spare an afternoon or evening once a week for there to be sufficient numbers to provide the needed services. There were at most only a few hundred poor black students in the primary grades experiencing reading difficulties. And, more than providing this needed aid for specific kids, such an undertaking would have helped to cultivate a more healthy relationship between the university and the town. It could have contributed to building a tradition of direct services that would be of more general value. But none of this happened, in part because the civil rights approach was almost reflexively embraced by the advocating parties concerned.

THE DANGER to blacks of too broad a reliance on civil rights strategies can be subtle. It has become quite clear that affirmative action creates uncertain perceptions about the qualifications of those minorities who benefit from it. In an employment situation, for example, if it is

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known that different selection criteria are used for different races, and that the quality of performance on the job depends on how one did on the criteria of selection, then in the absence of other information, it is rational to expect lower performance from persons of the race that was preferentially favored in selection. Using race as a criterion of selection in employment, in other words, creates objective incentives for customers, co-workers, and others to take race into account after the employment decision has been made.

The broad use of race preference to treat all instances of "underrepresentation" also introduces uncertainty among the beneficiaries themselves. (See "Rumors of Inferiority" by Jeff Howard and Ray Hammond, September 9.) It undermines the ability of people confidently to assert, if only to themselves, that they are as good as their achievements would seem to suggest. It therefore undermines the extent to which the personal success of any one black can become the basis of guiding the behavior of other blacks. Fewer individuals in a group subject to such preferences return to their communities of origin to say, "I made it on my own, through hard work, self-application, and native ability, and so can you!" Moreover, it puts even the "best and brightest" of the favored group in the position of being supplicants of benevolent whites.

And this is not the end of the story. In order to defend such programs in the political arena—especially at the elite institutions—it becomes necessary to argue that almost no blacks could reach these heights without special favors. When there is internal disagreement among black intellectuals, for example, about the merits of affirmative action, critics of the policy are often attacked as being disingenuous, since (it is said) they clearly owe their own prominence to the very policy they criticize. The specific circumstances of the individual do not matter in this, for it is presumed that *all* blacks, whether directly or indirectly, are indebted to civil rights activity for their achievements. The consequence is a kind of "socialization" of the individual's success. The individual's effort to claim achievement for himself (and thus to secure the autonomy and legitimacy needed to deviate from group consensus, should that seem appropriate) is perceived as a kind of betrayal. There is nothing wrong, of course, with acknowledging the debt all blacks owe to those who fought and beat Jim Crow. There is everything wrong with a group's most accomplished persons feeling that the celebration of their personal attainments represents betrayal of their fellows.

IN HIS RECENT, highly esteemed comparative history of slavery, *Slavery and Social Death*, sociologist Orlando Patterson defines slavery as the "permanent, violent domination of natally alienated and generally dishonored persons." Today's policy debates frequently focus on (or perhaps more accurately, appropriate) the American slave experience, especially the violent character of the institution, its brutalization of the Africans, and its destructive effects on social life among the slaves. Less attention is paid nowadays to the *dishonored* condition of the slave, and by extension, of the freedman. For Patterson this dishonoring was crucial. He sees as a common feature of slavery wherever it has occurred the parasitic phenomenon whereby masters derive honor and standing from their power over the slaves, and the slaves suffer an extreme marginality by virtue of having no social existence except that mediated by their masters. Patterson rejects the "property in people" definition of slavery, arguing that relations of respect and standing among persons are also crucial. But if this is so, it follows that emancipation—the ending of the master's property claim—is not of itself sufficient to convert a slave (or his descendant) into a genuinely equal citizen. There remains the intractable problem of overcoming the historically generated "lack of honor" of the freedman.

THIS PROBLEM, in my judgment, remains with us. Its eventual resolution is made less likely by blacks' broad, permanent reliance on racial preferences as remedies for academic or occupational under-performance. A central theme in Afro-American political and intellectual history is the demand for respect—the struggle to gain inclusion within the civic community, to become coequal participants in the national enterprise. This is, of course, a problem that all immigrant groups also faced, and that most have overcome. But here, unlike some other areas of social life, it seems that the black population's slave origins, subsequent racist exclusion, and continued dependence on special favors from the majority uniquely exacerbates the problem.

Blacks continue to seek the respect of their fellow Americans. And yet it becomes increasingly clear that, to do so, black Americans cannot substitute judicial and legislative decree for what is to be won through the outstanding achievements of individual black persons. That is, neither the pity, nor the guilt, nor the coerced acquiescence in one's demands—all of which have been amply available to blacks over the last two decades—is sufficient. *For what ultimately is being sought is the freely conveyed respect of one's peers.* Assigning prestigious positions so as to secure a proper racial balance—this as a permanent, broadly practiced policy—seems fundamentally inconsistent with the attainment of this goal. It is a truth worth noting that not everything of value can be redistributed.

If in the psychological calculus by which people determine their satisfaction such status considerations of honor, dignity, and respect are important, then this observation places basic limits on the extent to which public policy can bring about genuine equality. This is especially so with respect to the policy of racially preferential treatment, because its use to "equalize" can actually destroy the good that is being sought on behalf of those initially unequal. It would seem that, where the high regard of others is being sought, there is no substitute for what is to be won through the unaided accomplishments of individual persons. □

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STANLEY KAUFFMANN ON FILMS

More Than They Know?

Once I took a sharp-tongued English friend to a press screening of a Hollywood film that sounded interesting. It turned out to be a trite suburban drama, and I prepared myself for his barbs. Instead, as we left, he said thoughtfully, "So that's the American dream kitchen." This remark seemed to me a concise rendering of an important fact—about all film but especially the pictures aimed at the widest possible audience: the medium is porous. More seeps into pictures than the makers may have intended. The makers of that suburban drama hadn't decided, I'd bet, to create an ideal kitchen for which families throughout the land, throughout the world, would drool; but having set out to make the film in question, they couldn't keep that dream kitchen out.

Compromising Positions
(Paramount)

Compromising Positions is a new example of this porousness—in decor and otherwise. The picture is set in a prosperous Long Island suburb: we see the interiors of five or six homes. At a guess, each home, its kitchen and elsewhere, cost several hundred thousand dollars more to furnish than even its well-to-do inhabitants could afford. What of it? the filmmakers thought, or tacitly assumed. Consciously or not, they were feeding consumeritis, giving the audience 100 minutes of vicarious residence in non-fantastic dreamland.

Other matters seeped in, too, not items of decor but current attitudes. This—again, consciously or not—is a revenge film. Written by Susan Isaacs from her own novel, *Compromising Positions* is nominally a comic murder-mystery. A successful, philandering dentist is murdered, and a group of married women who were his patients is involved in the solution of the crime. Chief among them is Susan Sarandon, one of the relatively few who had not slept with him but who had felt his hot breath. Several of the women had allowed themselves to be photographed revealingly by him. The atmosphere of the film is not shock that the man had his throat cut in his office but agreement that this rat got more or less what he deserved—even though there's no evidence that he ever forced his advances on any woman and there's plenty of evidence from one of the sardonic women, Judith Ivey, that she is lustily active outside her own marriage. In Lawrence's story "Tickets, Please," some women take revenge on a man who has been harassing them. Here the feeling of quasi-satisfaction in the dentist's horrible death comes from women who were willing partners and from another who is boastfully at least as busy as the dentist ever was. The one woman who takes the murder seriously as such, Sarandon, does so not out of compassion but because she may be able to reestablish her career. Before marriage and children, she was a reporter for *Newsday*; if she can get a unique story on the killing, she may be able to regain professional status, may be something more than a domestic creature. Thus this killing becomes a vent for hatred and an oblique chance for a woman's reconstitution as a whole person. And I can't perceive that these subjects were in the forefront of the filmmakers' minds: they seeped into what was intended as a wry, ultra-hip murder comedy.

The behavior of the most prominent man in the film, Edward Herrmann, Sarandon's husband, completes the thematic shape. He is no more upset than she is that the family dentist was killed: he is merely irritated at her concern with the murder, increasingly so when her journalistic activity interferes with domestic obligations. The one other man of any interest is the detective on the case, Raul Julia, who, too, is made to fit Isaacs's theme by making a serious pass at Sarandon. (She doesn't respond. She tells Ivey about it, and Ivey reproves her for declining. Yet Ivey is one of the women who think the dentist's death was more or less merited.)

Credibility is not one of the film's assets. At one point, someone breaks into the Sarandon-Herrmann home, trashes a few rooms, and sprays MYOB (Mind Your Own Business) on the walls. In the couple's discussion of this break-in, not one word is said about the danger her investigation may be bringing to themselves or, especially, to their two small children. Julia allows Sarandon, who is not even an accredited journalist, to be wired and to interview suspects. Threats with a pistol near the end are silly because one can't imagine that the person with the gun would really shoot. All these matters are supposed to be covered, I guess, by the fact that it's "only" a comedy, but as it isn't often funny, the plot bones stick out.

Sarandon is becoming a bit conscious of her eyes—she widens them overmuch—still she has appeal. Herrmann is a believable yuppie. Julia's role has no shape—it goes nowhere, has no con-

FILMS WORTH SEEING

Back to the Future. Amiable comedy about a teenager who is whisked back 30 years by time machine, finds himself entangled in his parents' high school romance, and has troubles getting back to the present. Good fun. (Reviewed 8/5/85)

Dim Sum. Chinese-Americans in and around San Francisco. Familiar domestic troubles brought home by enchanting people. (8/26/85)

The Shooting Party. England, 1913. Symbolism about the coming war is too pat, but every aspect of the filmmaking is exceptional. (6/17/85)

Wetherby. England today. Serious conception, intelligent dialogue, superior acting, especially Vanessa Redgrave's in the leading role. But the theme—contemporary moral blankness—is not lucidly dramatized. (8/12&19/85)

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clusion—but he behaves as if the role did have shape, which is a help. Ivey does the archetypal comic sexy broad archetypally. The most subtle acting comes from Deborah Rush, who was amusing in the Broadway production of *Noises Off* and here does truthful small-scale acting as if she were painting under a magnifying glass. Frank Perry directed smoothly, except that he can't sidestep clichés. For instance, when Sarandon drives off one night and the camera rides on the hood in front of her, we know—just from the fact that we've never accompanied her this way before—that someone is going to pop out of the backseat.

Book Note. Recently I mentioned Evelyn Ehrlich's *Cinema of Paradox*, which deals revealingly with French filmmaking under the German occupation. Now comes Elaine Mancini's *Struggles of the Italian Film Industry during Fascism, 1930-1935* (UMI Research Press, $44.95), which reveals some paradoxes of its own. An immediate difference is that Mancini deals with a completely domestic situation, yet, as with Ehrlich, there are some jolts to our assumptions.

Mancini chose her five-year period for three reasons: the literature is notably skimpy here; the first Italian sound film appeared in 1930; and the first half of the decade is "a threshold" between the silent days and the following five years when controls became stricter. "Many of the finest actors, actresses, and directors left Italy" in the 1920s after the ascension of Mussolini; and Mancini describes the way in which the arrival of sound stimulated some of the artists who remained and evoked new talents.

The overriding sense of her chronicle is of vitality beating back limitations as long as possible. A key chapter is devoted to the director Alessandro Blasetti, who was active all through these years and kept working long after the war. (He made a documentary in 1982.) Mancini interviewed him six years ago, with particular attention to *1860*, the epic about Garibaldi that Blasetti made in 1934. (It's one of the few films of the book's period that I've seen; it's clear that Visconti had *1860* somewhere in his head when he was making *The Leopard* 30 years later.) Mancini also includes her own translation of the final screenplay of *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, which Pirandello wrote with Adolf Lantz and in

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which Pirandello was himself to appear. It was not produced.

In her conclusion Mancini specifies that propaganda films were indeed made, especially as the decade wore on and ties with Hitler became closer, most especially with the coming war. But "the first five years of the 1930s can hardly be called totalitarian or even Fascist. . . . The film industry struggled to be free." The book includes 23 (somewhat muddy) full-page photographs and a filmography of the features produced during that five-year period. Mancini has contributed substantially to our knowledge of Italian film.

EDWARD ROTHSTEIN ON MUSIC

Moses and Modernism

Nothing would have dismayed Arnold Schoenberg more than having his music beloved by listeners. Its rejection he considered no less than a mark of its authenticity, a sign that it was far more encompassing and far less indulgent than the simple melodies demanded by philistines who lacked either vision or genius. "The laws native to the genius," Schoenberg wrote in his classic text, *Harmonielehre*, "are the laws of future generations. The mediocre resist them simply because these laws are good."

The composer saw his own role quite clearly: he would bear those aesthetic laws down from the heights, knowing full well they would be rejected, but believing, without qualification, that they anticipated the future. These included the laws of serial composition, meant to displace the common practice of tonal harmony that gave music a public voice for three centuries. Along with them came a notion of aesthetic authenticity in which the musical composition was considered autonomous, having its own sense and importance, independent from its performers, composer, performances, or listeners. Schoenberg was the progressive prophet for the music of this century who, in his own passage from Romanticism to modernism, saw and welcomed music's alienation from the mainstream audience. "The artist who has courage," he wrote, in italics, "submits wholly to his own inclinations. And he alone who submits to his own inclinations has courage, and he alone who has courage is an artist." Two generations after his death, his Word remains unaccepted, and thus, also, self-fulfilling.

His is, of course, the peculiar pose of the modernist—pretending to create himself, making his own laws, opposing the bourgeoisie, determined to progress. But the great paradox of musical modernism is that this impulse was accompanied by something else, something premodern, a religious impulse, heard also, for example, in the mystical musings of Scriabin, or the ritualistic invocations of Stravinsky. In Schoenberg, seemingly the secular musical rationalist, this impulse was most profound. In 1912, in a letter to the poet Richard Dehmel, whose poems Schoenberg set in "Gurrelieder," the composer wrote:

> For a long time I have been wanting to write an oratorio on the following subject: modern man, having passed through materialism, socialism, and anarchy, and despite having been an atheist, still having in his soul residue of ancient faith (in the form of superstition), wrestles with God (see also Strindberg's "Jacob wrestling") and finally succeeds in finding God and becoming religious. Learning to pray!

For the composer, this was no minor preoccupation, confined to a short period. "The time of sterile faith in science is now at last over," Schoenberg wrote in 1951 just before his death—"it has been for me for more than forty years."

This religious feeling—normally aestheticized—was, for Schoenberg, quite literal. In 1922 Schoenberg wrote to Wassily Kandinsky that religion was his only support. He was born Jewish, baptized in the Protestant Church at age 24, and converted back to Judaism in 1933, partly in response to the rise of Nazi anti-Semitism. His explicitly religious works range from the unfinished oratorio "Die Jakobsleiter" to the unfinished opera *Moses und Aron*, from the play *The Biblical Way* to the final "Modern Psalms." The paradox is that his dedication to matters of community and tradition accompanied his radical devotion to originality and freedom.

THE tensions in Schoenberg's music between community and isolation, between faith and reason, between law and freedom, are often passed over for the sake of academic, aesthetic, and technical discussion. Yet these were central issues for the composer, and in some ways for the modernist "movement" in general. The new music of Minimalism and eclecticism bypasses these issues and tensions, so Schoenberg's most important music—the music in which these tensions are explicitly addressed—is getting even less attention than it ordinarily would, which is very little. The religiously based works are rarely heard; *Moses und Aron* has never even been staged in New York.

But a major recording project is under way that may be beginning to undo the neglect of much of the religious as well as the expressionist music. Pierre Boulez seems to be committing to disc the complete works. He has already recorded "A Survivor from Warsaw" (CBS M-35882, which also includes other orchestral works) and *Moses und Aron* (CBS M2-33594—now, unfortunately, out of print here). More recently have come an excerpt from the "Gurrelieder" and the "Ode to Napoleon" (CBS M-36735) and "Verklärte Nacht" (CBS IM 39566). Finally, the recent release of a boxed set of three records (CBS 79349) fills a gargantuan gap in the currently available repertoire. It offers "Die Jakobsleiter"—Schoenberg's unfinished mystical oratorio about the ascent of souls to the highest metaphysical spheres; "Erwartung"—the shockingly nightmarish "monodrama" sung by a seemingly deranged soprano; "Die glückliche Hand"—an expressionist operetta of sorts complete with detailed lighting and stage directions about a man who crafts jewels in a grotto and yearns to possess a woman; and the Opus 22 Lieder and the two chamber symphonies. Boulez and the group of performers in the Ensemble Intercontemporain, who are connected with IRCAM in France, have also recorded, for future release, the "Kol Nidre," the "Modern Psalms," and other works.

There is, in the recordings released so far, a purely musical discipline evident in the clarity of lines. But these performances also succeed in finding in the music the peculiar tensions and conflicts that make it so disturbing and de-

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manding: these may be the definitive recordings of Schoenberg for our generation. In his own youth Boulez triumphantly proclaimed, "SCHOENBERG IS DEAD"—accepting Schoenberg's notion of musical progress and mercilessly applying it to the composer himself. That spirit of modernist iconoclasm has not been lost. But the French composer has also found something far more subtle than mere technique in Schoenberg's music. He allows no Romantic indulgence, no syrupy confessions even in the most personal moments. Instead there is discipline and rigor, lucidity and refinement—all passions are presented with the naturalness of speech.

Hearing, for example, "Die Jakobsleiter" and "Die glückliche Hand" for the first time reveals both the nearly obsessive isolation of the composer along with the equally obsessive drive for some transcendent union or reunion. Boulez makes these seem like matters that are at once extraordinarily passionate and eminently understandable—demonic and rational at the same time. The more I listen to these performances, and to "Erwartung" and the other lurid Expressionist works, the more central becomes the intellectually severe score of *Moses und Aron*. Boulez's recording of that work—the most intense as well as the most musically accurate made for record in the last two decades—makes it pointless to categorize this opera as an inaccessible "serial" work, of interest for its technical skill and systematic accomplishment. Rather, it is a sophisticated expression of the issues and passions that dominated Schoenberg's career.

In the most recent recording of the opera with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra (London 414 264-1), Sir Georg Solti fails miserably to touch on them. The chorus, directed by Margaret Hillis, often sounds like little more than a group of shouting singers; the *Sprechgesang*—the pitch-directed heightened speech invented, and often used, by Schoenberg—of Franz Mazura's Moses is only approximate. In general, Solti attempts to treat the work as a great spectacle, an opera in the traditional manner, in which grand public issues are treated on a grand public scale. The result is neither impassioned nor rational. Schoenberg's preoccupations, however, were quite different: he treated the most personal and interior issues on the most public scale, giving belief and

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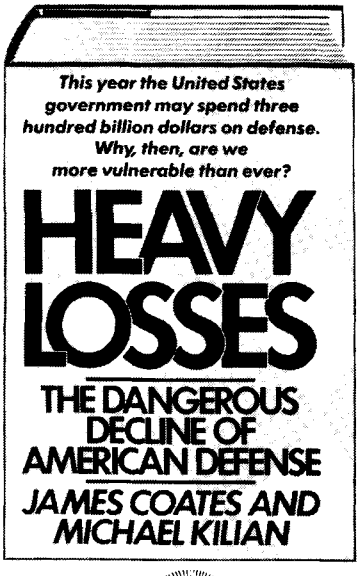
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idea a communal impact. Moses und Aaron, for example, must be palpably individual yet also archetypal parts of what the composer elsewhere called "the same man."

Properly performed, in fact, *Moses und Aron* may be something of a touchstone for understanding Schoenberg. Harry Halbreich's detailed essay enclosed in the Boulez recording makes this case, which succeeding essayists (including Paul Griffiths in the latest Solti release) also accept. The composer acknowledged as much himself when, in 1945, he applied to the Guggenheim Foundation for a grant to finish both "Die Jakobsleiter" and *Moses und Aron*. "I feel," he wrote, "my life task would be fulfilled only fragmentarily if I failed to complete at least these two largest of my musical [works]." His application was rejected; both works did in fact remain incomplete over several decades—which argues still further for their importance to him, as if they touched on themes too sensitive and central for casual concentration.

THE DRAMA of *Moses und Aron* hinges on a seemingly intellectual or theoretical conflict. Moses receives the revelation from the burning bush along with the command to set his people free. But for him "thought is easy; speech is laborious." Hence, as in the biblical text, his brother Aaron becomes his voice. Schoenberg, however, goes further in his midrash: Aaron's voice necessarily distorts the purity of the ideas received by Moses. Their first conversation consists of contrapuntal dialogue in which Aaron's interpretations are but distant reflections of Moses's proclamations. This theme was also a preoccupation of Schoenberg's 1926 play, *Der biblische Weg* (*The Biblical Way*)—available in English only through the excerpts published in the program notes to Boulez's *Moses und Aron* recording. It tells of a man called Max Aruns, who wants to found a Jewish state in a part of Africa; he is betrayed and fails. He is told, "Max Aruns, you are trying to be both Moses and Aaron in one! Moses, to whom God granted the thought but who lacked the power of words; and Aaron, who could not conceive the thought, but was able to express it and to touch the hearts of the people."

Moses's God is the mysterium tremendum; Aaron's is the God who addresses the people, who rewards and punishes. Moses is powerless, but his ideas pure; Aaron is able to create a community through compromise. Moses lives in abstraction; Aaron is so uncomfortable with abstraction he gets caught in contradictions attempting to explain God's invisibility. Moses presents the law; Aaron applies it in practice.

The problem Schoenberg posed is how to bring the ineffable, that which lies beyond society, beyond reason and beyond language, into the realm of the social. How can anything be communicated about that which lies beyond communication altogether? Schoenberg's musical techniques paradoxically make these abstract themes sensuous in their force. Moses uses *Sprechgesang*; Aaron is an operatic tenor who answers his brother's severe phrases with lyrical abandon. The voice of God, coming from the burning bush, combines the two: it is composed literally of a community, a chorus, with four voices using Moses's style of speech, the others speaking in song.

Schoenberg objected to giving this opera an aesthetic interpretation, but his own treatment of the work demands otherwise. The music is always straining, attacking, dissecting. What it articulates most clearly is the very attempt to articulate, the immense struggle involved in giving something voice. The musicologist David Lewin has suggested an aesthetic parallel. In the opera, as in the biblical text, God provides the pure idea, which Moses comprehends, and which Aaron translates for the people; similarly, Schoenberg takes the idea of the tone row, which dominates this opera, and turns it into a composition. It is then a powerless text that the performer must interpret and misinterpret in order to bring to the audience. "Moses, like Schoenberg, perceives directly and intuitively a sense of divine ('pre-compositional') order," Lewin writes, "God commands him to communicate it (*'Verkuende!'*) and he is powerless to resist."

THIS IS, surely, the way in which Schoenberg thought about composition—in the most Romantic and inspirational way, not in the ratiocinative academic fashion in which he is often performed and understood. In his collected essays, *Style and Idea*, Schoenberg spoke of Bach's *Art of the Fugue* as a series of "miracles": "These are miracles which no human brain can produce. The artist is only the mouthpiece of a power which dictates what to do." He writes in *Harmonielehre* that the artist "feels as if what he does were dictated to him. As if he did it only according to the will of some power or other within him, whose laws he does not know. . . . He feels only the instinctual compulsion, which he must obey."

The difficulty is that there was no longer, for Schoenberg or his contemporaries, an immediate, natural link between word and idea. During the 19th century the power of inspiration led directly to the particular expression; the effectiveness of art was that it was, in a peculiar sense, unmediated, offering access to the revelation. It was a premise of Romantic poetry, fiction, and music that the ineffable and sublime could be revealed through language. But for Schoenberg—and for his fellow modernists—this was no longer true. The revelation was cut off from expression; the languages of art were felt to be inadequate. They would only trivialize the revelation, turn it into a bourgeois commonplace. The idea and the word were not only disjunct, but antithetical. With the loss of a shared language, particularly in music, Schoenberg could see the very attempt of expression doomed to frustration. Presenting that frustration in the act of expression was, in fact, one of the central characteristics of Expressionism. Not only is fulfillment postponed, but the lack of expressive fulfillment becomes the subject.

MOSES thus embodied for Schoenberg the dilemma of the modernist artist: he receives the revelation but lacks the words to communicate it. Moreover, for Schoenberg it is in the very nature of the message—whether monotheism or modernism—to be beyond the grasp of the masses. The public demands compromise, the descent into the commonplace; civilization is a product of the elite for the masses. It is no accident that the figure of Moses became a subject of some fascination during the early years of this century for another Jewish modernist, Sigmund Freud, for whom the conflict between instinct and regulation, between will and community, became archetypal. Moses is, for Freud, the source of civilization because of his success in mediation, repression, and sublimation; he succeeded by "subordinating sense perception to an abstract idea."

The result is that Moses, for both

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Schoenberg and Freud, becomes puritan, severe, isolated, but also revolutionary—like Schoenberg himself. His passionate interest in Judaism was thus bound up with his aesthetic position. He considered writing a symphonic defense of the Jewish people and passionately offered his services to the Zionist movement. ("I want to create a movement to make a people of the Jews once more and to unite them in a State on precisely defined territory. . . .") This was the "idea" of Max Aruns in Schoenberg's unpublished play as well; in it, the "high priest" says:

> The idea, conceived in joy, born in sorrow, nurtured in renunciation, does not admit of fulfillment in material terms, just as God does not admit of being *represented*. He who dedicates himself to the idea should either renounce the temptation of its fulfillment, or resign himself to a reality that he would rather not have to live. This is why all those who are impelled to live out an idea become martyrs to it.

SCHOENBERG, as composer, was impelled to live out his idea, and compelled to be a martyr to it. He would have liked to have been an Aaron, but he couldn't be satisfied with being other than a Moses. The choice was not, however, without tension. To the extent that he is an Aaron, his music speaks expressionistically of the trials of being a Moses. To the extent that he is a Moses, it scorns the listener and the comforts of the bourgeois life while still yearning to be an Aaron. Perhaps because of the nature of Boulez's own career, the composer/conductor seems to understand this dilemma very well: it emerges in his recordings.

Schoenberg's major opera remains unfinished, not because he didn't get funding from the Guggenheim Foundation, or because of his exile from Germany; it remains unfinished because an ending could not be written or resolved. With the last completed music of the second act, Aaron's position— despite the fiasco of the golden calf—is actually victorious. He shows Moses that all is image, even the tablets of law that Moses is so proud of; his abstractions, too, are just distant transformations of the truth. Aaron does not doubt that some ineffable reality lies beyond the images, but it is only through images that we may live. The idea may only be revealed by studying the images: "This is my mission: to speak it more simply than I understand it. Yet the knowing ones surely will ever again discover it!" "Thus am I defeated!" Moses cries. "O word, thou word, that I lack!"

But the last act, which remained unset for more than two decades, is an attempt to undo what the second act had established, to elevate Moses the prophet in a final confrontation with his brother. In Schoenberg's libretto, radically departing from the biblical text, Aaron is the one who strikes the rock, not Moses. Moses condemns him for his act: "Whensoever you had abandoned the wasteland's renunciation and your gifts had led you to the highest summit, then as a result of that misuse you were and ever shall be hurled back in the wasteland." Aaron falls down dead in the face of this modernist curse. The revenge of the wasteland: to abandon it is to be hurled back into it. But even as Moses curses Aaron, he celebrates the purity of the wasteland: "In the wasteland you shall be invincible and shall achieve the goal: unity with God." Moses stands at the end of this act as a modernist prophet, proud and true to the idea, with the people in the wilderness below him standing, presumably, in bewilderment.

I don't think Schoenberg could have accepted this ending with Moses's victory; there was too much pain involved in being Schoenberg, too much compromise in the supposed purity that Moses represents. After Israel was established Schoenberg was asked to be the president of the Israel Academy of Music in

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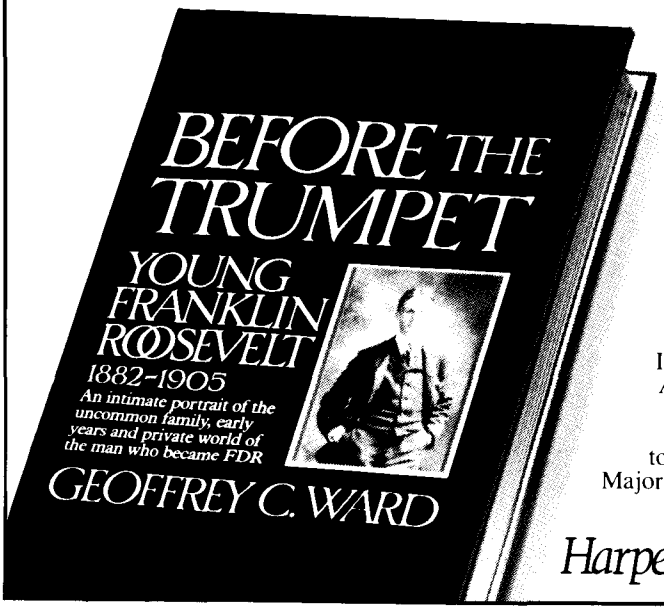
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Jerusalem. He declined, but wrote about the importance of the academy:

> Those who issue from such an institution must be truly priests of art, approaching art in the same spirit of consecration as the priest approaches God's altar. For just as God chose Israel to be the people whose task it is to maintain the pure, true, Mosaic monotheism despite all persecution, despite all affliction, so too it is the task of Israeli musicians to set the world an example of the old kind that can make our souls function again as they must if mankind is to evolve any higher.

Schoenberg surely saw himself as such a high priest—but that is Aaron's position, not Moses's. It is on the ground of these conflicts and ambiguities that Schoenberg's music, with its intimate connection with word and image and argument, must be performed and brought into public light. Its theme is the struggle faced in the act of expression, when both the language and the audience are felt unequal to the message. This theme, for all its public repercussions, is finally a private one. Schoenberg was once asked to define music itself. It was, clearly, something beyond definition, but he used, in Aaronic fashion, an image to help. "I know a nice and touching story," he wrote in awkward English in a 1934 letter:

> A blind man asked his guide: "How looks milk?" The Guide answered: "Milk looks white." The Blind Man: "What's that 'white'? Mention a thing which is white!" The Guide: "A swan. It is perfect white, and it has a long white and bent neck." The Blind Man: ". . . . A bent neck? How is that?" The Guide, imitating with his arm the form of a swan's neck, lets the Blind Man feel the form of his arm. The Blind Man (flowing softly with his hand along the arm of the guide): "Now I know how looks milk."

The strange career of capitalism in Communist China.

MARX, MAO, AND MARKETS

BY HARRY HARDING

THE TRANSFORMATION of China continues to be one of the most dramatic stories of modern times. This tale has most often been told as one of virtually unbroken rebellion and revolution: the Taiping and Boxer rebellions of the 19th century, the Nationalist revolution of 1911, the warlordism of the 1910s and 1920s, the Communist revolution of the 1930s and 1940s, the Cultural Revolution of the 1960s. But recent developments in China have focused attention on another strand in the same drama: the periodic attempts at reform that have been interspersed with the outbreaks of revolutionary violence. The transformation of China launched by Deng Xiaoping is the latest of these bold reform movements, not all of them enduring or successful: the belated reforms toward the end of the Ch'ing dynasty, the intellectual ferment of the May Fourth Movement, the Kuomintang's drive for economic modernization in the late 1920s and early 1930s, and the Communist Party's First Five-Year Plan in the mid-1950s.

Harry Harding is a senior fellow at the Foreign Policy Studies Program at the Brookings Institution. He is currently completing a book on political and economic reform in post-Mao China.

It is this alternation of revolution and reform that has so seriously hindered China's development. Perhaps the most important prerequisite for sustained modernization is the consolidation of a political leadership committed to economic development. Revolutions do not always produce such leadership, and in China they tended to yield leaders—Sun Yat-sen, Chiang Kai-shek, Mao Zedong—more suited to seizing power than to wielding it. Moreover, none of China's reform movements was able to consolidate its grip on power, for each was cast aside by the next wave in the continuing revolutionary tide: the Ch'ing reforms by the revolution of 1911, the May Fourth Movement by the warlords, the Nationalist reforms by the Communists, the Five-Year Plan by Mao.

Journey to the Forbidden China
by Steven W. Mosher
(The Free Press, 180 pp., $17.95)

Chinese Democracy
by Andrew J. Nathan
(Knopf, 313 pp., $21.95)

To Get Rich Is Glorious: China in the 80's
by Orville Schell
(Pantheon, 210 pp., $15.95)

The American record in understanding either reform or revolution in contemporary China has not been notable for its balance or insight. In the 1930s, for example, we assumed that Chiang Kai-shek would remake China in our own image, and that American aid could, in the words of Senator Kenneth Wherry, "lift Shanghai up and up, ever up, until it is just like Kansas City." In the early 1950s many Americans agreed with Dean Acheson's assessment that the new Communist leaders had "forsworn their Chinese heritage" and had become nothing more than a satellite of the Soviet Union. In the early 1970s many of us were blinded by the utopian rhetoric of the Cultural Revolution, and failed to see—or worse, saw but ignored—the physical and psychological ravages that that movement inflicted upon tens of millions of urban Chinese.

Today, after several decades of scholarship, we have a much better basis for understanding the newest wave of reform in China. The problem is that the present reform movement is as sweeping, complex, and occasionally inconsistent as any of its predecessors. To understand it adequately requires an accurate and balanced assessment of at least three of its features: its origins, its

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main characteristics, and its future prospects.

WHY HAS China chosen to make such sweeping changes in its economic and political systems, despite the risks and opposition that reform is almost certain to engender? Surprisingly, this question is seldom asked, as if the answer were so obvious that it needed no elaboration. But of all the aspects of the present reform program in China, its origins are among the most complicated and the most intriguing.

There was, to begin with, nothing about China's economic performance that necessitated reform. To be sure, the Chinese economy at the time of Mao's death in 1976 was backward and inefficient, the product of the peculiar combination of Leninist, Stalinist, and Maoist policies that China had followed since the mid-1950s. In the cities, both the industrial and service sectors were constrained by a rigid system of central planning and allocation, a preference for state ownership of all economic activity, a reluctance to provide material incentives to either state enterprises or individual workers, and the use of quantity rather than quality as the basic measure of performance. The result was stagnant productivity, requiring ever higher rates of investment to sustain declining rates of growth. In the countryside, low prices for produce requisitioned by the state, low levels of state investment in agriculture, patterns of organization and remuneration that sapped peasant initiative, mandatory cropping patterns that denied the natural comparative advantage of different parts of the country—all these policies were responsible for a slow growth of agricultural production and peasant living standards after 1957.

In the poorest regions of the country, such as those described in Steven Mosher's latest book, *Journey to the Forbidden China*, these policies perpetuated the desperate poverty that the Communist regime inherited from its predecessors. Mosher recounts a brief excursion by road, in his own van with a Chinese driver, into parts of Guangxi and Guizhou provinces that, at the time of his trip in June 1980, were closed to all foreign visitors. There he encountered a part of China that was divorced from the cash economy of the rest of the country, with no surplus grain, cash crops, handicrafts, or industrial production to sell, and with no resources with

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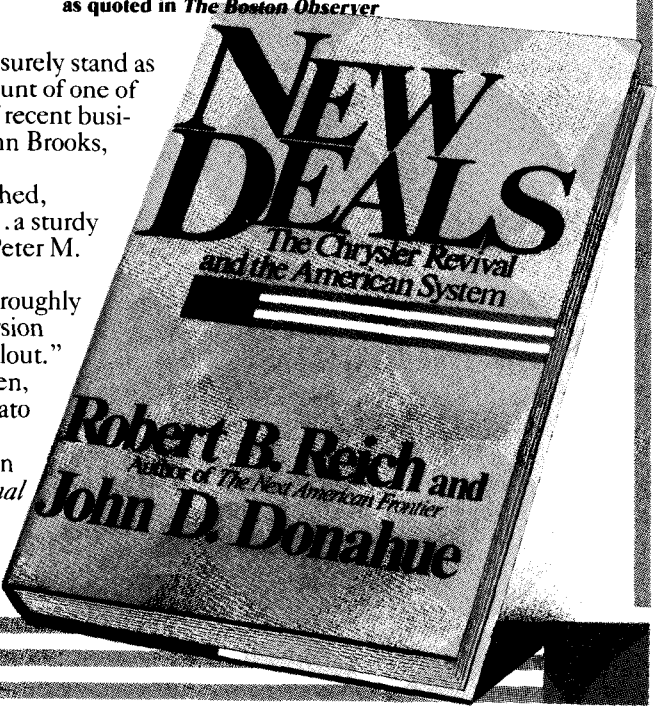
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which to acquire electricity, telephones, agricultural machinery, radios, medical care, or anything beyond the most rudimentary primary education. In some houses Mosher could find literally nothing from outside the village: "nothing manufactured, nothing connecting [them] with the age of machines or electronics" in the more advanced parts of China.

STILL, one should not overstate the economic problems that China faced in the mid-1970s. Although rates of growth had declined, they were still on the order of six or seven percent per year. In the cities, state workers had enjoyed substantial increases in both income and consumption between the late 1950s and mid-1970s, thanks largely to heavy state subsidies. Average rural standards of living grew much more modestly, but did rise. And the kind of rural poverty that Mosher saw in Guizhou was not typical, even then, of the country as a whole. In fact, economic policy had guaranteed basic subsistence for most of the country, and had limited inequalities in income both within the cities and between cities and countryside. China's overall economic performance was not a spectacular success, even by Third World standards, but neither was it a disastrous failure.

Moreover, economic inefficiency does not necessarily compel fundamental reform, as the experience of the Soviet Union has so amply demonstrated. Reforms run counter to powerful vested interests, particularly within the party and state bureaucracies, which have a stake in perpetuating the main features of a Leninist-Stalinist economy. In addition, large-scale reform is technically complicated; in the short run it may create problems even more acute than the chronic disease it was meant to cure. Thus tinkering with the system—making modest changes in the planning system or marginal adjustments in the allocation of resources—may seem preferable to anything more sweeping.

The causes of Chinese reform are to be found, therefore, less in the economic sphere than in the realm of politics. Although China may not have faced an economic crisis in the fall of 1976, when Mao "went to see Marx," it was experiencing political problems of monumental scale, the result of ten years of Cultural Revolutionary turmoil and 20 years of Maoist organizational policies.

To begin with, Mao's approach to administration had been characterized by distrust of technical specialists, insistence upon ideological commitment, contempt for rules and regulations, and disdain for regular procedures for the rotation or retirement of officials. Together these policies produced a bloated bureaucracy, staffed by officials who lacked formal education, were chosen on the basis of their class background and political loyalty, and were removed from office only by death or purge. Even worse, Mao's belief in the need for "continuous revolution," and his conviction that the targets of that revolution were "capitalist roaders" within the party itself, had undermined the norms of conduct governing China's political life. At the time of Mao's death, the nation's leadership was locked in bitter and often violent struggle between radical and moderate factions. Established procedures for determining national policy were disregarded, and party discipline had seriously decayed.

MOST IMPORTANT, the Cultural Revolution had created a serious crisis of confidence in many quarters of the Chinese population, particularly in the cities. Older intellectuals were outraged at the persecution, and often physical torture, that they had suffered at the hands of radicals throughout the late 1960s and early 1970s. Young people resented the fact that they had been encouraged to join the Red Guard movement and to "seize power" from the party apparatus, but then had been forcibly relocated to the countryside when the resulting violence and disorder had gotten out of hand. All across China, there was dismay at the chaos of the Cultural Revolution, a desire to see its injustices corrected, and an insistence that such a calamity should never be permitted to recur.

Consequently, although Maoist programs were intended to prevent the emergence of "revisionism" in China, they paradoxically laid the groundwork for the reforms of the post-Mao era. The Cultural Revolution created a sizable constituency for reform, particularly from among those sectors of society that had been its victims. Mao's distrust of the party disrupted its normal operation for more than a decade and, in so doing, significantly weakened the organization that would otherwise have been, as in the Soviet Union, a powerful obstacle to fundamental change. And Mao's personnel policies ensured that China would be ruled at his death by aging and weary officials, a gerontocracy that has proved surprisingly easy to remove from office when offered generous pensions and prestigious sinecures.

ALTHOUGH China's political and economic difficulties provide the context for the present reforms, the most basic key to understanding the transformation of post-Mao China lies in political leadership. Within a few months after Mao's death, there emerged at the highest levels in China a group of committed reformers, able to mobilize political support for their programs, and skilled at overcoming opposition by more conservative elements in the Chinese elite. It was they, more than the objective problems that China faced, who made reform happen.

As early as the mid-1950s, a number of top Chinese leaders had come to realize the irrationalities and inefficiencies of the Soviet model, and sought to reshape it along more pragmatic lines. Notable among them were Chen Yun, one of China's leading economic planners, who consistently proposed looser central control over the economy; and Deng Xiaoping, who once observed that it is irrelevant whether a cat is white or black as long as it catches mice. Their unorthodox views brought both men into direct conflict with Mao, and then cast them into political disgrace. But Mao, unlike Stalin, did not liquidate his opponents, and both Chen and Deng survived. At the time of Mao's death, therefore, the Communist Party had available an alternative leadership with the political authority and personal standing to launch China on the course of reform.

The reformers did not, however, come to power directly after Mao died. They first had to deal with Hua Guofeng, Mao's immediate successor, who had been willing to lead a decisive coup against the Gang of Four, but who was less eager to move in innovative policy directions. Hua's program was to launch a new "leap forward" in the economy, without undertaking any major structural reforms; to remove a few radicals from the party, without purging it thoroughly; and to announce the formal termination of the Cultural Revolution, while promising more such movements in the future. In short, Hua Guofeng offered China a more stable

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variant of many Maoist policies: Maoism without Mao.

Deng's struggle with Hua Guofeng was a classic example of political maneuver, in which the more junior Hua was hopelessly outmatched. Deng proved adept at mobilizing the constituencies for reform that emerged from the Cultural Revolution. He earned widespread urban support when he indicated that he was willing to do what Hua Guofeng was not: explicitly repudiate the Cultural Revolution and frankly acknowledge Mao's shortcomings. Over Hua's objections, Deng sponsored the rehabilitation of the older party cadres purged during the Cultural Revolution, and gained their support or acquiescence to his proposed reforms. He encouraged younger intellectuals, who emerged from the Cultural Revolution with their own solutions to China's economic and political problems, to serve as secretaries and assistants to more senior leaders. And Deng's rural reforms, which have raised living standards more in the last five years than in the preceding 20, secured strong backing among the country's 800 million peasants.

As he assembled this base of support, Deng moved gradually against Hua, first obtaining the demotion of some of Hua's own lieutenants, then winning Hua's resignation from the prime ministry, next removing him from the party chairmanship, and finally dropping Hua from the Politburo altogether. Deng's aim has been to replace aging conservative leaders with men and women who are younger, better educated, and more committed to reform. And yet, in so doing, Deng has not resorted to the vitriolic denunciations that Mao employed. Instead, he has eased potential critics into comfortable retirement, all the while reassuring them that his reforms will not detour China from following the socialist path under party guidance. It is this extraordinary act of political engineering, not inexorable economic and political trends, that lies behind the current reform movement.

THERE IS AN unfortunate tendency in the United States either to understate or exaggerate the reforms now under way in China. At one extreme, some Western observers have concluded that China has renounced Marxism, adopted capitalism, and moved in decidedly pluralistic directions. *The Wall Street Journal*, for example, declared in

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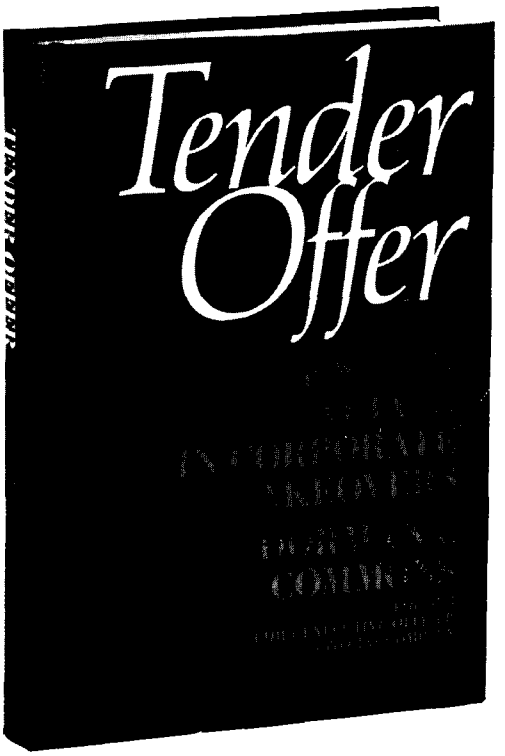

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an editorial toward the end of last year that China had "repudiated" Marx; and William Safire, in a column in *The New York Times*, wrote that the "biggest event of 1984" was the "embrace of capitalism" by the Chinese government. At the other extreme, there are those who insist that nothing in China has really changed. Steven Mosher, who suggests in *Journey to the Forbidden China* that the reforms will have little impact on most of the Chinese countryside, has also written a brief paper for the Heritage Foundation arguing that "China remains in the Maoist era" when it comes to human rights.

This confusion is directly traceable to the complexity of the Chinese reform program. For while they are transforming virtually every institution in Chinese society, the reforms are simultaneously leaving many underlying structures and assumptions unchanged. They are creating mixed political and economic systems—midway between planning and markets, between totalitarianism and pluralism—which our present analytical vocabulary is woefully ill-equipped to describe.

IN THE political sphere, for example, China is following a course that leads in the direction of liberalization and institutionalization. Many of these reforms are skillfully outlined in Andrew Nathan's new book, *Chinese Democracy*. Together, these changes are significant. They make the Chinese system much more pragmatic, much more consultative, and much less totalitarian than it was at Mao's death. But, important as they are, these developments leave untouched some of the basic structural features of Chinese politics. They have not yet created a truly pluralistic system in China, in the sense of either sufferance of a variety of contending ideologies, or tolerance of an organized competition for political power independent of party control.

On the ideological front, much has changed since the death of Mao in 1976. Virtually all the doctrinal principles associated with the chairman's latter years—from the theory of the "three worlds" to the idea of continued revolution—have been either quietly abandoned or explicitly rejected. A broad array of ideological issues—particularly the concepts of humanism and alienation—are the subject of vigorous discussion and debate, and Chinese leaders have acknowledged that the answers to current policy questions cannot be mechanically derived from the writings of Marx or Lenin. The list of specific socioeconomic policies and political institutions that a commitment to Marxism is said to require has been drastically pared. Most intellectuals still believe that Marxism requires a planned statist economy, but when I asked one young reformer not long ago which paths to development were closed to China because of its official adoption of Marxism, he replied succinctly: "None."

WHILE Marxism is being stretched, however, it is not being repudiated. Marxism-Leninism remains the official doctrine of the regime, and recent changes in the content and role of ideology are described not as the rejection of Marxism, but rather as its "enrichment and development." The transition from totalitarianism to authoritarianism may now mean that the party cares less about securing an active commitment to Marxism from every sector of society. But this does not imply that it tolerates the presentation of an alternative. As the state prosecutor said during the October 1979 trial of Wei Jingsheng, editor of the underground journal *Explorations* and one of the most prominent dissidents of the Democracy Wall period, "Our constitution stipulates that you have freedom of belief, and that you may believe or disbelieve Marxism-Leninism-Mao Zedong Thought, but it also states that you are definitely forbidden to oppose it."

A similar situation exists with regard to political institutions. Chinese reformers have enhanced the power of representational mechanisms, as one way of bridging the gap between state and society that was created by the policies of the Cultural Revolution. Thus, direct elections to legislative bodies have been extended up from the grass roots to the county level, although not, as yet, to the provincial or national legislatures. For the first time, more candidates are being nominated for office than there are vacancies, introducing a measure of competitiveness to what was previously an entirely ritualistic and ceremonial undertaking. Drafts of party reform documents are discussed more widely, both inside and outside the bureaucracy, before being set in final form. Much party policy is being presented to specialized committees of the National People's Congress for discussion, and then to a plenary session of the Congress or its Standing Committee for formal ratification. And in recent months the legislature has insisted upon several changes before it would agree to pass proposed legislation.

But while all this makes the political process more consultative, there remain limits on what is permissible. Newspapers can criticize violations of policy, but not the policies themselves; they remain, as Nathan puts it, "centrally coordinated instruments of persuasion." There may be more candidates for public office than there are vacancies, but virtually all are nominated through a process controlled by the party, and truly independent candidates have frequently been harassed by local officials. Legislative bodies have not yet developed the power completely to reject proposed legislation, or to initiate their own. Above all, the concept of party leadership over all political institutions is still regarded—like the commitment to Marxism-Leninism—as one of the immutable principles of contemporary Chinese life. As Deng Xiaoping put it in 1980, if the principle of party leadership were eliminated, "China will regress into divisions and confusion, and will then be unable to accomplish modernization."

THE greatest contribution of Nathan's book is his demonstration that the limited development of pluralism in China is not due simply to the self-interest of the country's present leadership—although that fact certainly plays no small role—but also has deep roots in Chinese political philosophy, modern as well as traditional. Nathan pays particular attention to the great turn-of-the-century scholar Liang Qichao, who, in his consideration of political reform, proposed a mechanism for regular consultations between officials and popular representatives. But the purpose of these legislative bodies was not so much the articulation of regional or class interests, which Liang regarded as inevitably misguided and destabilizing, but rather the mobilization of political support behind government policies. "Indeed," writes Nathan, "in none of [Liang's] early writings did he even recognize the possibility of conflict between people and government."

To Liang Qichao, in other words, the principal task of government was not the expression and resolution of political conflict, but rather the development

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and maintenance of political harmony. Nathan sees this distinction as one of the most basic differences between Chinese and Western political philosophy:

> During the centuries when Western philosophers labored over the question of how humanity's selfish nature could be reconciled with life in society, Confucian thinkers instead discussed ways of educating people to follow their instincts for social cooperation. When Western thinkers were trying to design political systems as vessels to contain irresponsible conflict, Chinese philosophers aimed to design systems where no such conflict would be engendered.

Indeed, Nathan cautions us that the overwhelming majority of modern Chinese intellectuals, including most of the younger ones active in the Democracy Wall movement, share this traditional vision of a harmonious society under official press; and even the small number who demanded a genuine multiparty system anticipated that any new parties that emerged would remain committed to Marxism even as they competed with the Communist Party for votes.

A SITUATION of bounded reform is also apparent in the economic sphere. In the domestic economy, the reforms currently envisioned—the implementation of which is much less advanced than in political life—include granting greater scope for individual and collective forces in the economy; permitting the economy to grow naturally from urban centers, rather than forcing it to follow arbitrary administrative boundaries; using economic levers rather than administrative mechanisms to guide the economy; adopting profit as the principal incentive for both individuals and enterprises; and stimulating greater entrepreneurship by enterprise directors and peasant households. In China's foreign economic relations, current policy has increased the quantity of foreign trade, greatly expanded the range of China's international economic relationships, and encouraged a number of coastal cities and regions to serve as front-runners in China's drive to modernize.

This is a rather daunting list of abstract principles and policies; Orville Schell's recent book, *To Get Rich Is Glorious: China in the 80's*, an account of two visits to China in mid-1983 and early 1984, provides a series of vignettes that bring many of them alive. Schell's eye is perceptive, and his pen is sharp. He

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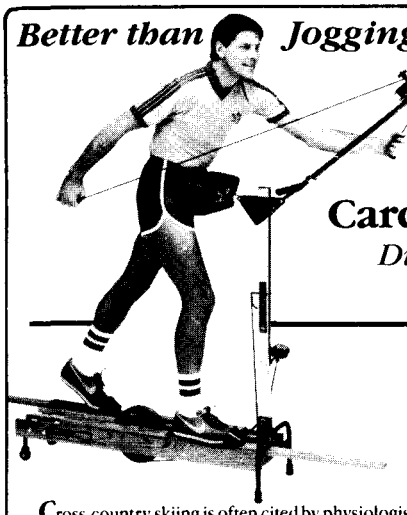

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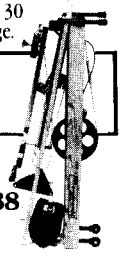

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writes of the revival of advertising on China's streets, the reemergence of family-run restaurants, the return of privately operated pedicabs as a means of urban transportation, and the virtual decollectivization of agriculture. As in his earlier book *Watch Out for the Foreign Guests*, he is particularly skilled at describing the consequences of China's growing import of Western values and life-styles. He overhears two elderly Chinese sitting uneasily in the vast atrium lobby of the new Great Wall Hotel in Peking, awaiting the arrival of a foreign visitor.

> "Has it been long since you ate with a knife and fork?" I heard one of them ask with an uncertain half-smile. "Paris, 1948," replied the other with a self-effacing laugh, reciting the date the way a sommelier might announce the place and year of a vintage wine he was afraid had long ago spoiled.

BUT IF Schell's eye is keen, it is also highly selective. He lingers too long on the bizarre, while slighting the typical. He implies, falsely, that substantial numbers of young Chinese women now seek breast implants and eyelid operations to give them a more Western appearance. He devotes nearly as much space to the fashion shows by Halston and Pierre Cardin that scandalized small audiences in Peking as to the rural economic reforms that are changing the lives of 800 million Chinese. The problem is that these intriguing anecdotes represent the marginalia of reform in China, rather than the core of the enterprise.

What do China's economic reforms amount to? Do they represent the revival of capitalism in China, or something more limited? If capitalism is defined simply as the use of material incentives, financial levers, managerial prerogatives, and profit criteria familiar in the West, then China is indeed moving in that direction. If, alternatively, capitalism is taken to mean the values of entrepreneurialism and consumerism, as Orville Schell seems to suggest, then China is headed that way too. But these definitions are too loose to be meaningful. If capitalism is regarded more strictly (and more properly) as the private proprietorship of economic activity, then the signs of capitalism in China, while palpable and dramatic, remain distinctly limited.

There is now, to be sure, a highly visible small private sector in the Chinese economy, particularly in the service trades, and particularly in the southeast. Schell's masterful description of a single street in one Chinese city shows the different forms this can take: the new private shops on the ground floors of some buildings, the semipermanent booths for merchants located on side streets, the vendors and artisans who place temporary workbenches and display tables in the arcades outside the shops, and the "small-time mobile peddlers who had simply arrived in town, unfolded a drop cloth, and were now displaying their wares" on any vacant patch of pavement. Increasingly, tools and equipment in the countryside are privately rather than collectively owned. In addition, leases are being widely used to transfer the rights of management, if not ownership, out of state hands: virtually all collectively owned agricultural land has been leased to individual families for periods of 15 years or longer, and increasing numbers of small state enterprises, particularly those that had been losing money, have been leased to collectives and individuals.

Nonetheless, the core of the urban economy is still state-owned and state-operated, and it is likely to remain so. In 1984 state-owned enterprises produced 75 percent of gross urban industrial output, and accounted for 68 percent of total retail sales. The three million urban residents who are privately employed may represent a large number in absolute terms, but constitute less than three percent of the urban labor force. Indeed, more people in China's cities are currently unemployed than are privately employed.

IF THE Chinese economy is not becoming capitalist, except at the margins, is it becoming an instance of market socialism? This description is closer to reality, but it, too, must be heavily qualified. Markets are being used both to allocate goods and to set prices. In agriculture an increasing proportion of produce is sold by the peasants on free markets. In industry the part of production that remains after the fulfillment of state plans can be directly sold to either consumers or wholesalers, for prices that float up or down according to market forces. Moreover, there is a vocal group of reformers who would like to see virtually all economic activity in China, whether or not it is state-owned, governed by the mechanism of the market.

For now, however, China remains essentially a guided economy, even though the predominant mechanism of regulation may be shifting from mandatory planning (under which the state simply mandates production) to guidance planning (under which the state uses its control over prices, capital, taxes, and supplies to encourage it). In both industry and agriculture, the bulk of production and allocation decisions are thus still made under state influence, if not direct state control. And the state remains heavily involved in the process of setting prices.

UNFORTUNATELY, we lack commonly accepted terms for describing the mixed political and economic systems that China appears to be creating. In politics, the liberalization that has occurred under the leadership of Deng Xiaoping has moved China away from the totalitarianism of Mao Zedong, but has not created genuine pluralism. Nathan describes the result in guarded terms:

> *The reforms have made the Chinese political system more pluralist only in a special, narrow sense—the same sense in which the post-Stalin Soviet and Eastern European regimes are pluralist, because they invite bureaucratic interest groups and specialists to contribute to the making of complex decisions.*

It may be, as some Chinese reformers insist, that China today is a bit more liberal than the Soviet Union, in its limits on terms of office, its franker discussion of ideological issues, and its experiments with contested elections. But it remains more similar to the consultative authoritarianism of Eastern Europe than to such semi-pluralistic systems as Korea and Taiwan, where an organized opposition is either formally or tacitly permitted to compete in elections with the ruling party.

In the economy, too, China has developed a mixed economy that allows some role for private ownership and market mechanisms, but within a system that remains largely state-owned and centrally planned. The Chinese themselves describe this new economic system as "socialism with Chinese characteristics," or as a "planned commodity economy," but the first term begs as many questions as it answers, and the second is comprehensible only to those well-grounded in Marxist terminology. China today might more meaningfully be described as managerial or entrepre-

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neurial socialism, to indicate that within a system where state ownership and planning remain dominant, enterprise managers and individual peasant families are allowed greater autonomy to decide how much to produce, how to produce it, and where to sell it, and are encouraged to take the initiative to maximize their income and profit.

If there is a single term that best suggests what contemporary China is about, it is neo-mercantilism. Like the mercantilist systems of 16th- and 17th-century Europe, China is characterized by an overriding commitment to economic growth as a means of creating a rich and powerful state. Private economic activity is permitted, and entrepreneurial initiative encouraged, but always under the guidance of, and for the sake of, the national government. The state furthers foreign trade, but within a framework that protects and promotes domestic industry. There is greater consultation with scientific, economic, and political elites; but political participation is constrained by a presumed unity of national purpose. In his classic analysis of mercantilist politics in premodern Britain, Philip Buck noted that the basic assumption of the time was that "the broad declaration of national interest [by the monarch] will secure public assent; representative bodies will therefore automatically reflect support for government policy." The official view of politics in contemporary China is virtually the same.

In this sense, China will disappoint Americans who hope that it is moving in the direction of modern Western liberalism. Rather than adopting the laissez-faire economic policies and pluralistic political doctrines that remain dominant in the United States, China is following the trend in contemporary Asia, and elsewhere, toward statist economies and corporatist politics. We may not fully admire that choice, but it is hardly unique in today's world.

REFORMS OF this scope will necessarily encounter substantial difficulty, in part because they will engender political opposition, and in part because they will produce unwanted consequences. Surveying China's experience with the reforms to date, Orville Schell has reached skeptical conclusions about both the desirability and durability of reform. Some of Schell's criticism addresses the effects of the reforms on the society and the economy: the rise of profiteering, crime, and corruption, as the controls on society are relaxed, and the possible decline of public health, education, irrigation, and other rural services as agriculture is decollectivized.

But above all, Schell's concerns are spiritual. He reports that the "values which had previously characterized the Chinese Revolution [are] fast breaking down," cautions that China is in danger of losing its "national essence" by adopting the materialist and consumerist values of the West, and warns that China is about to become "culturally and politically deracinated." China, he complains, is losing its "socialist nerve." In this, Schell displays a surprising degree of nostalgia for the Cultural Revolution. But he also sounds very much like China's own conservatives of the late 19th century, who saw the cultural impact of the West as a seductive and corrupting force. He even uses one of Mao's favorite metaphors, that of weeds and flowers, to describe the likely evolution of the Chinese spirit. Any attempt by Chinese leaders to screen out undesirable influences from abroad, he asserts, will inevitably fail, leaving them like "a gardner nipping off the tops of weeds and leaving the roots undisturbed."

It is true that the reforms have had complex consequences for the quality of cultural life in China. The liberalization of culture has permitted, for example, a revival of traditional Chinese art, the

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development of modern literature and drama, and the importation of classical music and opera from the West. All of this has reinvigorated what might be described as the "high culture" of contemporary China. But the trends in popular culture have been less attractive. The sensational tabloids, pornographic videotapes, mediocre disco music, and Western fashions now so widespread in Chinese cities are not impressive for either artfulness or sophistication. Many of the new tourist hotels and restaurants, particularly in the southern parts of the country, are striking for the banality of their design: they are Tiger Balm Gardens on a massive scale. But are these cultural developments any worse than the sterile combination of socialist realism and revolutionary romanticism that was the sole fare available during the Cultural Revolution? And, even more to the point, is the state of popular culture really the most important criterion by which to judge the reforms in China?

MORE significant are the economic and organizational difficulties that the reforms have begun to encounter. The most immediate problems, already very much in evidence in urban China, are those of inflation and corruption. Prices of agricultural goods, decontrolled soon after price reform was announced at the beginning of the year, have already risen substantially. Other price reforms may have similar effects, since the demand for most consumer goods still vastly exceeds supply. Local governments and economic enterprises have increased wages and investment to unhealthy levels, drawing on the revenues that recent reforms have allowed them to retain and on the loans that local banks have been authorized to grant. Government officials are taking advantage of their official positions to start sideline businesses of their own, to embezzle state resources, and to accept bribes from foreign businessmen. In the most spectacular scandal, Hainan Island, in southeast China, acquired enough foreign exchange to import from Japan nearly 90,000 motor vehicles, three million television sets, and 250,000 video recorders, which it then resold to other provinces at double or triple the price. The underlying cause of all these problems is that reform is loosening administrative controls over the economy more rapidly than either economic discipline or legal constraints can take their place.

Over the middle term, the next problem likely to occur is that of inequality. The reforms are being implemented to different degrees, and with different results, in different parts of the country. The coastal areas of China, particularly in the southeast, have a noticeably greater degree of individual entrepreneurial activity and foreign cultural influence than do the northern or western parts of the country. As Schell comments, "As one moves nearer to the city of Canton, one feels the increasing force of Western influence radiating outward from the two colonies [Hong Kong and Macao], just as one can feel the growing intensity of heat as one approaches an open fire." Moreover, unless redistributive measures are undertaken to remedy the problem, it is likely that wealthier regions will benefit more from reforms than will their less fortunate counterparts. Referring to the growing emphasis under current reforms upon local investment to stimulate agriculture, Mosher notes that

> villages in rich lowland areas like the Pearl River Delta also have a margin of subsistence that if wisely invested will better their lot. . . . [But] away from the deltas and rich river valleys is another story. . . . There is no surplus to accumulate.

INEQUALITIES are also certain to occur among individuals. Already, some peasant families, the so-called "ten-thousand-yuan households," are prospering more rapidly than others. Reforms in the industrial wage system are designed to reward the most industrious and punish the less productive. Increasingly, higher education, and particularly training abroad, will produce a technocratic class with higher levels of power, income, and status. At the same time, the emphasis on improving the efficiency of industry may mean that substantial numbers of workers will be laid off or shifted to less secure or well-paying jobs.

Finally, over the long run, one can ask whether greater exposure to liberal ideas from abroad, and the contradiction between growing freedom in the economic sphere and continued restrictions on political life, will create growing demands for political liberalization. Andrew Nathan correctly suggests that those pressures are minimal thus far, and that most Chinese view political pluralism as either undesirable or impractical for today's China. And yet one need look only across the Taiwan Straits to see that traditional Chinese political values can change in the course of modernization, and that there can be growing pressure for liberalization. Similar stirrings are evident in Hong Kong and Singapore as well. One result of the combination of mass mobilization during the Cultural Revolution and the liberalization of political life since the death of Mao has been the rise of urban protest. Thus far it has focused on specific issues: sit-ins in Peking by youth sent down to the countryside in the Cultural Revolution and not yet permitted to resettle in the cities, protests in Tientsin over the rising cost of food, demonstrations in Nanking over questions of university governance. But it is conceivable that, in the future, protest might evolve from concern with specific policies to disaffection with the general structure of political life.

SCHELL'S criticism of the reforms is accompanied by a vague foreboding about the permanence of what is happening in China. Like many intellectuals in Japan who see China always as teetering on the edge of collapse, Schell asks whether the reforms, and the Western projects they have brought to China, might "prove, in the long term, a terribly fragile structure on the tumultuous Chinese body politic." "One cannot but wonder," he writes in his concluding paragraph, "what has become of that very tender place in China's collective psyche which in the past had felt so humiliated in the face of Western wealth, power, and technological superiority." Schell's doubts about the future of reform have been echoed more recently in a growing concern in the West that reform is foundering, falling victim to inflation, corruption, decadence, and rising expectations.

But this conclusion is overly pessimistic. The Chinese government retains the power to regulate many of the problems generated by reform, although certainly not to eliminate all of them completely. Chinese society has the ability to tolerate, even welcome, differentiation and inequality, if they are seen as economically rational and socially just. Chinese culture has the potential, as demonstrated by the evolution of Singapore and Taiwan, to create a new and relatively stable synthesis of traditional Chinese and modern Western values. So far the overall direction of reform, although not necessarily its

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pace or its detail, still appears to have substantial support, both among the leadership and among the bulk of the populace. And, equally important, the opponents of reform have not been able as yet to advance any more feasible or attractive alternative.

Thus the most likely outcome is not the collapse of reform and the return of unreconstructed nativism, as Schell seems to suggest, nor the smooth evolution of reform in the direction of pluralism and capitalism, as other Americans seem to hope. China will likely muddle along, with modifications of some reforms that have proved unworkable, and temporary tightening of economic and political controls to cope with the unanticipated consequences of others. Even if some aspects of reform should be abandoned altogether—and this prospect is significantly more likely in the urban economy than in agriculture or politics—the result will be the return to more orthodox Leninist-Stalinist institutions, rather than a revival of Maoism. Although Schell fears that the reforms will go too far, and Mosher doubts that they will make much difference at all, Nathan's view of change within limits is probably the best forecast of China's future.

The implications of the developments in post-Mao China for the rest of Asia, for the international economy, and for the global strategic balance remain clouded. But for China, one significant outcome is already highly likely. More than at any earlier time, China faces the prospect of breaking out of the vicious cycle of revolution and reform that has hampered its development in the past. Deng Xiaoping has a good chance of achieving what neither Sun Yat-sen nor Chiang Kai-shek achieved on the Chinese mainland, and what Mao Zedong actively obstructed: the consolidation of a leadership committed to the sustained modernization of the world's largest nation.

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ARTHURIAN EPIC

The Inman Diary: A Public and Private Confession
edited by Daniel Aaron

(Harvard University Press, two volumes, 1,661 pp., $39.95 until 12/31/85, $50 thereafter)

Arthur Inman (1895-1963) appears to have been born misassembled. His adult complaints included "loose joints," "auto-intoxication" (he was his own worst poison, doctors told him), floating bones and internal organs, migraines, piles, aching testicles, gastrointestinal gridlock, allergies, photophobia, phonophobia, fits of sobbing, jimjams, hallucinations, and suicidal depressions. He sought relief in osteopathy, high saline enemas, stomach pumping, ultraviolet ray treatments, and comparable therapies of doubtful value. As a result he confounded organic with iatrogenic woes, among the latter an addiction to expensive quacks. On their advice he passed days in a darkened room and was rolled out in a wheelchair with a cloth over his face. This regimen, which was supposed to protect his eyes, only increased his sensitivity to light. He dosed himself with purgatives, bromides, barbituates, and whiskey.

Inman abused his wife and drove her to drink. After he levered her into having an affair with his favorite osteopath, he played jealous husband. He was insatiable for affection, manipulative, self-pitying, and colossally self-centered. "I have the untrammeled desires of an Asiatic potentate," he complained, "with none of his imperviousness to criticism." In his noisier social and political attitudes (although not in his day-to-day behavior), he was a bigot and racist, a self-styled "unregenerate throwback" who mourned the outcome of the Civil War and the abolition of slavery. "It would be wonderful," he mused, "to take two thousand dollars and go downtown to the mart and buy someone whose character and face were pleasing." If he had any happy dreams of the future, they were of an Anglo-Saxon America purified of blacks, Orientals, Mexicans, Irish, Jews, and other undesirables.

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He admired Hitler and Mussolini.

After several halfhearted or thwarted suicide attempts over the years, Arthur Inman finally kept an old promise to himself and blew his brains out. Only a few people came to the funeral. Had it not been for the diary he kept for over 40 years, Inman might be recalled, if his existence were to be acknowledged at all, as a literary dilettante and peevish neurotic whose departure from this world was of consequence only to his wife, his servants, and the charlatans whose meat and potatoes he had been for so long. The writing of Arthur Inman's diary was an act of redemption for a life that appears to have been only idle and wasted. A gigantic nonfiction novel, with hundreds of characters and almost as many plots and subplots, Inman's diary is also a compelling piece of social history. In its quirky way, and unlike most formal narratives, it conveys not so much the structure as the randomness and surprise, the density, texture, and taste, of an entire era.

"I want to picture myself," Inman said. "I want to picture America." He succeeded in both aims and produced a work bizarre in scope and spirit, restless within genres. Its parameters can barely be suggested by atmospheric comparisons with *The Canterbury Tales* and the *Decameron*, Rousseau's *Confessions* and John Dos Passos's *U.S.A.* Driven by a fierce, loving appetite for the varieties of American experience, Inman's diary, like *Leaves of Grass*, commemorates energy and quiddity. It was also Inman's *Thousand and One Nights*. Like Scheherazade, he discovered that telling stories—his stories were about himself, about the comings and goings of his domestic circle, about his country and his times—was a way of postponing death. When he lost interest in his diary he no longer wished to remain alive, for all along it had been his guard against insanity, "the thread through the labyrinth to be followed until it broke or . . . led to safety."

Inman had hoped to publish single volumes or installments of his massive manuscript during his lifetime and, to that end but to little avail, he tried to interest editors and enlist the endorsement of influential readers such as Walter Lippmann, Albert Jay Nock, and Dr. Alexis Carrel. By 1941 he seems to have resigned himself to bequeathing the diary, along with a publishing subvention from his estate, to the Massachusetts Historical Society or a comparable institution. His trustees eventually settled on the Harvard University Press. Now published for the first time, and in two unusually handsome volumes, *The Inman Diary: A Public and Private Confession* represents less than ten percent of his 15 million- to 17 million-word manuscript. "After six years of exposure to the mind and heart of Arthur Inman," says Daniel Aaron, the diary's editor, "I must know him better than I do my closest friends." This intimacy, together with a notable degree of deftness and empathy, is evident in Aaron's selection and arrangement of the material, and in his introductions and link notes. He not only assumes the roles of ideal editor and reader for whom the diarist had been writing all the while, but he becomes an intercessor as well, yet another character lured into Inman's web. "By God," Aaron says, "it was time Arthur ceased to be bullied by his servants or inhibited by his parents. . . . Henceforth he would resort to any means to win his dark glory."

ARTHUR INMAN, 1921

Descended from socially prominent Southerners who had made fortunes in cotton, real estate, and other ventures, Inman was born in Atlanta, grew up with money, and planned a life of privileged self-improvement and literary work. (At his own expense he was to publish several volumes of inferior verse with such titles as *Bubbles of Gold* and *Silhouettes against the Sun.*) Although remaining loyal to his modified crinoline-and-magnolia version of the historical South, he tended northward: spent boyhood summers in Maine, went to school and college in Pennsylvania, settled in Boston. He was in love with the city, its "queer ins and outs," winding streets, and unexpected social and architectural juxtapositions apparently corresponding to the layout of his own personality. The writing of his diary (in part a Boston overview as well as a neurotic's case history) became Inman's full-time employment and purpose. From Garrison Hall, the seven-story Back Bay apartment house he inhabited with his wife and his various secretaries, cooks, chauffeurs, and factotums, the urban recluse, tireless and gregarious where his diary was concerned, probed the world. "I would commit murder for my diary," Inman said. He experimented with recaptures of the past—his traumas with parents and

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schools, for example, houses and places he had known as a boy. "Directly back of the stable on the other side was a small negro shack," he recalled in 1937. "Once I went down to the stable after dark. The door of the negro shack was open. Yellow light and the laughter of men and women came from it. I wished I were inside." Confronting the present with the same eagerness, he watched his country pass through two world wars, a crash, a depression, and 13 years of Franklin Roosevelt ("Roosie the Rat," in Inman's reckoning, a "headstrong megalomaniac hellbent on ruining the country"), only to stagger into the post-Hiroshima era.

"You can never tell what the next day will bring," he wrote.

> It is like being one of the supers at an enormous, gaudy, senseless extravaganza. I know how Bernal Diaz must have felt and Froissart and Suetonius and all the rest who have made it their business to stand to one side and chronicle the pageantry of their times.

The greatest hero of the era, Charles Lindbergh, becomes a refugee from his own country; Wendell Willkie briefly emerges as savior of the Republican Party; mayor, governor, and congressman James Michael Curley, of Boston, goes to the Federal Penitentiary for mail fraud; the newly crowned Pope Pius XII takes Holy Communion, an event Inman follows by radio and then reports in his best sardonic manner—"The Pontiff munched and sipped his gruesome snack." Toward the end Inman's sideline elation yielded to a sense of displacement. He had become a type of obsolete man, out of step and out of temper with the times, and especially after the bomb his diary is concerned less with history than with "the simple daily exercise" of recording emotions and observations. He was appalled by the ravages of urban renewal in a city the politicians and promoters he despised had taken to calling "the New Boston." Garrison Hall cringed in the shadow, dirt, and din of surrounding construction. The Prudential Tower rose so high, he said, it would soon be "goosing God." It was time for him to leave.

BOOKS, the daily newspapers, and the radio were Arthur's conduits to life outside his hushed apartment. He inserted himself into the intimate lives of his staff, listened to their troubles, and became a sort of confessor without the seal of secrecy, for all the secrets went into his diary. The daily automobile trips he took in and around Boston were safaris in search of "diary fodder." His most productive method of collecting raw material, however, was distinctly peculiar. He advertised for it in the papers. "Wanted: Persons who have had interesting experiences and who can tell them interestingly to talk to an invalid, $1 an evening." Inman supplemented the "talkers" (and "readers") he recruited in this way with far-flung letter writers whom he paid by the page.

ARTHUR may have been a curmudgeon, but he was also a dedicated amorist who never tired of extending his discovery that women's bodies and sexual responses were infinitely various, no two alike. (Whatever else ailed him, his libido was unimpaired.) In turn many of the female "readers" and "talkers" who entertained him in his dark chamber found him irresistible, and, for starters, he had little trouble getting them to take off their clothes, slip into bed, fondle him, and, as he said, set his little devils dancing in anticipation. Sometimes he overcame his dread of blackmail and venereal disease (his wife's feelings were less of a problem). "She wanted passion," he wrote of one of his dollar-an-hour honeys, "and she went after it with the diligence of a boring-machine. . . . I have never been with anyone who so thoroughly enjoyed the business."

But even sex took second place to Inman's sustaining drive to create a record of experience both firsthand and vicarious that would—and does—bear comparison with Casanova, Pepys, Greville, Evelyn, and the many other diaries and memoirs he studied, always with an eye to finding a model and a method for his own. Oddly enough, he seems to have missed Mary Boykin Chesnut's *A Diary from Dixie*, a narrative that should have been of considerable interest to this mostly unreconstructed Southerner. He also missed the American diary closest to his in scale and historical importance, that of the upper-class New York conservative George Templeton Strong (1820-1875). Inman might have recognized in Strong's diary a simulacrum of his own venture in recording bits of odd and fugitive information not as trivia but as essential dabs of color in the social landscape: the price of two pairs of men's union suits or four pairs of women's undies in 1932 (one dollar); United Airlines's ("50,000,000 Miles Flying Experience") transcontinental schedule for 1933 (New York to Seattle in 34 and a half hours); the most popular hit song of 1936 ("Is It True What They Say About Dixie?"), the year college students organized "Veterans of Future Wars" and applied for service and disability bonuses in advance; an eyewitness describing the victims of Boston's Cocoanut Grove Fire (1942)—" 'These people are negroes,' I said to myself, and it was several minutes before I realized they were white and had been burned that color."

Through his readers, talkers, and correspondents, through the writing of his diary, the rentier and aristocrat Arthur Inman became a sympathetic, informed chronicler of working-class lives. The view from Garrison Hall was leveling as well as panoramic. It was also free of moral constraints and self-censorship. "A diary expurgated and deleted is a eunuch of a diary," wrote Inman. "I hope to God no one will ever castrate my diary." What he lacked in self-understanding and kindness he made up many times over in honest self-portrayal and equally honest remorse. "She screamed," he writes of one terrible battle with his wife.

> That banished what sense of decency was left in me. I took her hair in my right hand, stifled her screaming with the left, pulled her through the door, slammed it, and threw her down on the floor at my feet. There she lay, panting, dress and hair disheveled, lackluster eyes filled with stillborn tears, mouth snarling, teeth bared like a dog. . . . Let me never forget the picture.

"NOT a healthy chronicle," Inman said of his diary. "But neither was I, am I, healthy. Neither are the times. The diary is a conflicting tapestry of rebellion and bewilderment, arrogance and humility. . . . It possesses the untiring, rushing, nervous pulsation of a long rapids." Comments like these suggest that its prevailing mode and its unifying principle are existential, empirical, and that one of the main "plots" of this multiplex narrative concerns the diary itself. Inman created a reflexive work that in large part tells the story of how it came into being and then passed through doubts, reconsiderations, and experiments in memory, point of view, and the balancing of public with private event. "In 1919 I commenced this diary

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as a safety valve for my thoughts and emotions," Inman writes in 1932.

> It was with my concentration on the Stock Market, however, that I began to take a real interest in the great drama of world history. If I made a hundred thousand dollars and lost it, I gained and retained a conception of America and of the flux and flow of contemporary life that has enlarged both myself and the scope of my mind.

Other main plots have to do with Arthur's battles with his father and mother ("The very idea, the very sight of my parents puts me in a funk"), his broken love affair with the stock market ("I eat, sleep, dream, talk stocks"), and his unraveled but somehow durable marriage to Evelyn Yates. This had got off to a bad start. "Ah, what a wedding trip for Evelyn!" he recalled of their honeymoon in New York. "A poor husband with a blindfold on and in a rolling-chair; a man-secretary whom she did not like and who looked like a rabbit; her mother-in-law and a motley appendage of nine valises." The published diary includes two long cycles of letters, one from Anthony Abruzzo, a hobo and Communist Party organizer, the other from Patricia Caffree, a former "reader" and "talker." "The only thing that's getting me down is my love life," Patricia writes from California. "I get so everlastingly sick of finding myself on my back." Each of these cycles of letters is a complex and integral narrative.

ALL IN ALL, despite Daniel Aaron's heroic job of abridgment, there are probably too many such plots here for anyone to follow on a first or second reading of nearly 1,700 pages. In addition to brief walk-on parts (for example, the owner of "the only known 'Petrified Ham' in the United States and possibly in the world"), Inman's diary contains major characters enough to populate the longest-running soap opera known to man: his wife; Ella James, a black cleaning woman married to an official in the Redcap Union; Naomi Levitt, a Jew who became one of Arthur's readers while she was a student at Radcliffe; Eddie Simms, his driver, man of all work, and mentor in the ways of the world; Dr. Cyrus Rumford Pike, Arthur's faithful osteopath and Evelyn's lover; Billy Minor, factotum, osteopathic manipulator, and almost a son to Arthur ("I don't know how I can live without Billy. What will happen to my morale? What to my pelvis? God, I'm frightened").

The main character, the hero of this diary, is, of course, Arthur Inman, rendered with such remorseless precision and intensity that in the end even his repellent aspects don't matter so much as the ineluctable fact of his selfhood. I'm fascinated by him, and I enjoyed his company, his humor, his curiosity and intelligence, and the vigor although not often the thrust of his opinions. "No one has a personality just like yours. It casts a spell," Naomi Levitt said after having known him in all his moods and changes. "I never met anybody like you before, and I never expect to meet anybody like you again. You're unique. You're yourself. You're Arthur Inman, and no one could ever in a thousand years mistake you for anybody else."

JUSTIN KAPLAN

Justin Kaplan was elected this spring to membership in the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters.

MORE THAN A TOUCH OF CLASS

The Bureaucratization of the World
by Bruno Rizzi
translated by Adam Westoby

(The Free Press, 111 pp., $16.95)

For over half a century an air of mystery has clung to both Bruno Rizzi and his book, with its enormously suggestive title. Rizzi was a quirky Italian shoe salesman who became a fellow traveler of Trotskyists and other anti-Stalinist Marxist sectarians. Trotsky himself read the book and was much impressed, though he rejected its major thesis. Here it is in English at long last—at least its first and most influential part—translated by Adam Westoby, a young English scholar who also provides a long and thoughtful introduction that recounts the book's complicated history and tries to separate the legends surrounding it from fact. *La Bureaucratisation du Monde* was first published in Paris in 1939 at the author's own expense. It was almost immediately banned and pulped, however, by a court order ruling that the Jews were defamed in several chapters of an appendix (which is not included in the present edition, nor in earlier postwar editions in several other languages). Westoby remarks with justice that had Rizzi's prewar anti-Semitic views (grounded in anti-capitalism rather than in purely racist prejudices) been more widely known, fewer people would have sought to buttress their own social and political opinions by invoking the shadowy authority of his "underground" book.

Rizzi's thesis was that declining capitalism was being replaced not by the classless society eagerly anticipated by socialists, but by a new kind of class-dominated social order to which he gave the name "bureaucratic collectivism." The Soviet Union under Stalin, Germany under Hitler, and Italian fascism were all versions of this new order; and even the New Deal in the United States amounted to a hesitant movement in the same direction. It is easy to understand the resonance of such an idea enunciated on the very eve of the Stalin-Hitler pact, which Rizzi has even been credited with having foreseen. (In an earlier unpublished manuscript Rizzi had suggested that the fascist regime of his native Italy was perhaps not utterly regressive in light of its uneven but persistent intervention in the workings of the capitalist economy. This emphasis was muted in the 1939 book, but it was revived in a pamphlet Rizzi published shortly after the German occupation of France.)

There have been three major lines of argument that are congruent with Rizzi's theory yet transcend the immediate prewar political context in which it was first advanced. The most obvious one Westoby fails to mention, perhaps because it was at one time so widely accepted that there was never any need either to lay claim to, or to dispute, a line of descent from Rizzi's book. The

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notion that there was an underlying kinship between fascism and Soviet communism, which was summed up in the application of the term "totalitarian" to both of them, was already current in the late 1930s, especially among intellectuals aware of the murderous persecution by the Stalinists of their left-wing allies in the Spanish civil war. When Hitler's ghastly deeds were revealed in full after his defeat and the Soviet Union imposed its rule on Eastern Europe, the idea of totalitarianism as a generic phenomenon, both dynamic and demonic, received its most complete elaboration. George Orwell's *1984* is probably the most famous expression of this outlook.

This image of totalitarianism now seems to reflect too strongly the apocalyptic mood of crisis that understandably prevailed from the 1930s to the 1950s, and to minimize the historical importance of Hitler and Stalin as individual leaders. Rizzi refers a few times to the "totalitarian state," echoing Mussolini's own description of Italian fascism, but his term for the new social order he discerned is always "bureaucratic collectivism." Excluding Cambodia under Pol Pot and perhaps Maoist China during the Cultural Revolution, Rizzi's term seems a much more accurate description than "totalitarian" for the Soviet Union and the dozen or more Marxist-Leninist states modeled on it.

THE second enduring debate initiated by Rizzi's pioneering claims concerns the nature and the meaning, in Marxist or Marxist-derived terms, of the state and society emerging in the Soviet Union. Obviously this was a vital question for the dissident Communist circles in which Rizzi moved; the answer, as Trotsky clearly understood, fundamentally implicated Marxism itself as a valid theory of history. For if there was an alternative to capitalism and socialism, and the direction of history actually appeared to be favoring such an alternative, then the very rationale for the project of socialism was cast into doubt.

Still, challenging and disheartening to faithful Marxists as Rizzi's theory might be, he himself continued to think in Marxist fashion, or at least in the fashion of early 20th-century Marxists. History may not have been heading where Marxists thought it was supposed to go, but it was still heading in a clear direction; if "bureaucratization" rather than proletarian revolution was the fate of "the world," the world nevertheless still faced a uniform fate. Moreover, Rizzi shares the tendency in Marxism (and other 19th-century progressive philosophies of history) to legitimate what is happening because it is happening. His endorsements are haltingly expressed, whether on grounds of political expediency or of true moral scruple, but there is no overlooking his apparent apologies for fascism and even for Nazi anti-Semitism. Orwell identified this style of thinking with superb precision. It leads, he argued,

> to the belief that things will happen more quickly, completely, and catastrophically than they ever do in practice. The rise and fall of empires, the disappearance of cultures and religions, are expected to happen with earthquake suddenness, and processes which have barely started are talked about as though they were already at an end. . . . Nations, governments, classes and social systems are constantly described as expanding, contracting, decaying, dissolving, toppling, crashing, crumbling, crystallising, and, in general, behaving in an unstable and melodramatic way.

UNDERSTANDABLE, perhaps, as a response to the upheavals of the first half of this century, such an apocalyptic outlook carries much less conviction today in the relatively stable world since the end of the Second World War. (The Western world, that is, but then Marxism has always been Europocentric.) One thing on which all of the quarreling Marxist factions of the 1930s were agreed was that the battered bourgeoisie and crapulent capitalism and pusillanimous parliamentarianism were all doomed, whatever system was destined to replace them. Typically, Rizzi asserts in his preface that "capitalism has no further possibility of life" and that "the bourgeoisie is a dead social force."

Their crystal ball was clouded, all right: capitalism, or "bourgeois society," promptly won the war against fascism, it successfully contained Soviet (and Chinese) communism in most of the world, it proved quite capable of reforming itself, and it experienced the most sustained period of prosperity and economic progress ever recorded over three successive decades. Rather than dabbling in grandiose world historical visions, latter-day Marxists have been reduced to investing their waning hopes in the backward, non-Western "Third World," or to looking desperately for persisting "contradictions" in capitalism that leave open at least the abstract possibility of its eventual transformation.

Anti-Stalinist Marxists argued over whether the Soviet state was still in some ultimate sense a "workers' state" and whether the proletariat was still destined to triumph in the rest of the world. If some of them began, like Rizzi, to challenge both of these propositions, none of them foresaw that in a mere 50 years the proletariat—that is, the class of factory workers operating heavy machinery—would look like a doomed and disappearing class, whereas the much-reviled petite bourgeoisie, allegedly so vicious and reactionary in its death throes, would be doing quite well. But the belief in classes and class struggles as the basic historical reality inspired the search for a new class by those who questioned the ascendancy of the proletariat in the USSR, let alone elsewhere. And this search became the chief legacy left to the present by bolder neo-Marxist spirits like Bruno Rizzi.

Rizzi accurately observes that "behind the state, in Marxist theory, there is always class." His own continuing fidelity to Marxism, his deviations from its "orthodox" version notwithstanding, is evident in his assumption that the Soviet state *must* be controlled by a new class, if it is the instrument of neither the bourgeoisie nor the proletariat. He often refers interchangeably to "the bureaucracy" and to the "new class" of top bureaucrats and state or party officials. The question of whether the rulers of Soviet society, whose positions derive neither from the ownership of private property nor from any form of hereditary succession, are properly regarded as a "ruling class," in the same sense as the landed aristocracy and the bourgeoisie of the past, continues to divide Marxists to this day. (Paul Sweezy, for example, recently ran a long debate in *Monthly Review* between disillusioned former supporters of the Soviet Union—including Sweezy himself—and several residually faithful fellow travelers, about the class basis of the Soviet state.)

STILL, one does not have to be a Marxist to engage in endless disputation on such matters. "Bourgeois" academic sociologists have also spilled a lot of ink arguing over the meanings of "class," "caste," "stratum," and "elite." Orwell was neither an academic

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sociologist nor a Marxist theorist, but it would be hard to improve upon his summation and resolution of the issues at stake in these discussions:

> The older kind of Socialist . . . assumed that what is not hereditary cannot be permanent. He did not see that the continuity of an oligarchy need not be physical, nor did he pause to reflect that hereditary aristocracies have always been short-lived, whereas adoptive organizations such as the Catholic Church have sometimes lasted for hundreds or thousands of years. The essence of oligarchical rule is not father-to-son inheritance, but the persistence of a certain world-view and a certain way of life, imposed by the dead upon the living. A ruling group is a ruling group so long as it can nominate its successors. The Party is not concerned with perpetuating its blood but with perpetuating itself. *Who* wields power is not important, provided that the hierarchical structure remains always the same.

In *1984* Orwell assigned the statement to the oppositional book of Emanuel Goldstein, supposedly modeled on Leon Trotsky. But in real life Trotsky never achieved this level of understanding, clinging as he did to the conviction that Stalin's regime was a necessary transition to a true "workers' state," rather than a bourgeois restoration.

OF COURSE, the most famous and sweeping claim that a new class was on the march throughout the world, its power resting on its collective control of the economy rather than on property ownership by individuals, was James Burnham's *The Managerial Revolution*, published just two years after Rizzi's book. As a matter of fact, Orwell's strictures on apocalyptic speculation were directed against Burnham, although Orwell's own vision—it was a vision and not a forecast—in *1984* owed much to Burnham's projected future. Rizzi went to his grave in 1976 convinced that Burnham had stolen the main idea of *The Managerial Revolution* from him. Burnham and Max Shachtman were in the late 1930s the leading theorists of the American Trotskyist movement, and in his polemics against them Trotsky referred to Rizzi's thesis in the course of rejecting it. Burnham and Shachtman split with Trotsky in early 1940 on just this issue; for many years Shachtman used Rizzi's term, bureaucratic collectivism, in his writings onthe Soviet Union. But the central idea was obviously "in the air," as Daniel Bell has remarked. Moreover, Westoby points out that in the present book Rizzi refers to an earlier article by two pseudonymous American Trotskyists, one of whom was in fact Burnham. It might plausibly be argued, then, that Rizzi initially got his idea from Burnham, rather than the other way around.

One is hardly disposed to mourn the decline of the apocalyptic cast of mind of Marxist and neo-Marxist prophecy, let alone of the conditions that gave it credibility a few decades ago. Yet it is hard not to regret that the idea of a new class has been so grossly trivialized recently, bandied about by pundits and publicists in the media. (The most recent case is the chitchat about "yuppies.") Perhaps the publication of Rizzi's book, so long the subject of rumor, will restore a certain seriousness to the discussion of classes as political actors. It is interesting to learn that after the war Rizzi became a successful entrepreneur in the shoe business in Italy, and wrote favorably of the possibilities of "market socialism." Now there's an idea that still has some mileage in it.

DENNIS WRONG

Dennis Wrong, professor of sociology at New York University, is the author of *Power: Its Forms, Bases & Uses* (Harper & Row).

FLY CASTING

A Maggot
by John Fowles

(Little, Brown, 455 pp., $19.95)

John Fowles is a very slippery sort of writer. Explaining the title of this, his eighth or so substantial work of fiction since *The Collector* (1963), he says in a brief prologue that a maggot is the larval stage of a winged creature, as, it is hoped, the written text might be; that it is an old name for a mental whim or crotchet; that certain 18th-century airs in music were called maggots, as "The Carpenter's Maggot"; that his particular maggot, leading to this book, emerged from an obsession with a theme, except that this theme was actually an image, obstinately arising from Fowles's unconscious, of a group of faceless travelers riding horses in a deserted landscape. After so much deliberately wrought "over-determination" and mystification of "A Maggot" he adds this teaser: "What follows may seem like a historical novel, but it is not. It is maggot."

That is the last we get of Fowles in propria persona for the next 400 pages. Then he comes back in an epilogue to disclaim once again that he has written much of a historical novel. His intervening yarn has been largely about a London prostitute named Rebecca who has some bizarre experiences in the west of England in 1736, suddenly undergoes an apparently sincere moral reformation, and ends up giving birth to the actual historical personage Ann Lee, who founded the religious and communitarian sect of the Shakers in the late 18th century. That is startling information, only Fowles now confesses he made it up out of up whole cloth: "I know nothing in reality of her [Ann Lee's] mother." He says he's just been trying to write fiction like Daniel Defoe. Presumably that means fiction that appears factual but isn't—like Defoe's "Apparition of Mrs. Veal" or *A Journal of the Plague Year*. Only, slippery to the end, he has to admit that Defoe is "inimitable."

How tricky can you get? We expect prologues and epilogues to be places where a writer stands by his work, clears up problems, levels with the reader; yet this prologue and epilogue are studiedly evasive. Fowles's defense here might be that everything in a book of fiction, from the title page onward, is fiction. That point, however, cuts both ways. If a prologue or epilogue is part of the fiction, and therefore already artful, all the more reason to cut out the bobbing and weaving, the pretense of explaining things while continuing to play games.

If I were Ann Lee's descendant, I would be sore as hell at the casual slan-

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der this book directs at my distinguished ancestor's mother. But of course Shakers, who revived ancient Christian heresies claiming that the way to paradise was through strict sexual continence and segregation of the sexes, had no descendants. That is one of the reasons the sect died out. So Fowles can imagine with impunity just about anything he wants about Ann Lee's mother. *A Maggot* tells us she was a poor Quaker born in the western English city of Bristol and later debauched when she went into service as a housemaid. As a working whore, Rebecca's specialty became an impersonation known as the Quaker Maid. Suitably garbed and coiffed she turned on her clients—the brutes!—by pretending to scruples and a shame that the client was to enjoy violating and overcoming. She must have been something like the woman in a French bordello who puts on a nun's habit—provided that is not "maggot" as well. Incidentally, aren't maggots the larval stage of the common or carrion fly? Rather remote from the Nabokovian butterfly, one might say. This title may be even more self-deprecatory than that of Fowles's *Mantissa* (1982), which means a trivial addition to a preexisting literary corpus. The French have a phrase for it: *mauvaise honte*.

THE YARN, more or less: in 1736 a young English lordling of gloomy demeanor and occult learning recruits Rebecca from her London brothel and takes her riding westward by way of the Stonehenge Neolithic remains in North Wiltshire until they reach a deserted area near the borders of Cornwall. Others of the party are a middle-aged actor hired to pretend to be his lordship's father; one Thurlow, a devoted body servant who is deaf and dumb; and Jones, a feckless Welshman taken along as a guard. At inns on the way Rebecca sometimes sleeps with the silent servant, while pining fruitlessly for his lordship himself. It seems the studious young aristocrat cannot tolerate much physical contact with women. At Stonehenge he consults his druidic and numerological tomes before arranging Rebecca in a sexually provocative position on a sacrificial stone. We may think of her keeping it warm for Tess Durbeyfield, who will lie there a century or more later. In any event something does come flaring down out of the night sky, but whether it is Old Nick on a tear or wolf whistles from a passing UFO is not exactly made clear.

We now approach the climax of this strange history. The actor having been paid off and dismissed, the Welsh guard having deserted, the remaining three arrive at a cave entrance remote from any beaten track. Jones the guard, however, has skulked after them and now watches from concealment. All three enter the cave and stay there for quite a time. The first to emerge is Thurlow, who looks distracted and mad and runs off. Soon he will be discovered hanged from a tree limb in a thicket, his mouth stuffed with flowers, apparently a victim of *felo de se*. More hours pass. Finally Rebecca comes tottering out. She looks as if she has been through the wringer and collapses on the ground. When Jones emerges from hiding to aid her, she tells him a lurid tale of having just participated in wild revels with witches and the Devil. It is a story she will utterly recant later on. As for his lordship, he never comes out at all. When Rebecca has a little recovered herself, she and Jones part. He will head to the Bristol Channel to find a ship that will carry him over to Wales, while she will head home to Bristol city to entreat her parents' pardon for her harlotry.

Most of the narrative comes out by means of a series of lengthy, quasi-legalistic and sometimes tedious interrogations conducted by a lawyer acting for his lordship's father, Lord B-----, who has become concerned over the disappearance of his son and the strange death of the body servant. These interviews or depositions are about as well done in a style of 18th-century pastiche as the 19th-century pastiche of Fowles's celebrated *The French Lieutenant's Woman*. There is also a general narrator acquainted with modern idiom who occasionally interrupts the drone of interrogation with little disquisitions on such subjects as religious Dissent, early stirrings of Romanticism, the rise of Democracy, and the mistaken but culturally influential druidic theory of the origin of the Stonehenge and Avebury rings.

But the crux of the book remains what Rebecca, the Ishmael-like sole survivor, saw and experienced in that cave. Without giving it all away, it may be divulged that her testimony to the lawyer involved a shining white spaceship, a goddess-like triple female who kindly showed her around, and on-

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board movies, which Rebecca mistakes for visions, that show an agrarian earthly paradise run along Shaker lines. Of course the man of law and logic, a ferocious Tory, doesn't believe a word of it. He aches to flog the truth out of this pert young jade, but his writ doesn't run that far. Her testimony actually recalled to me the time when Pip in *Great Expectations* comes back from his visit to Miss Havisham's to play with Estella. When the obnoxious relations, led by Pumblechook, attempt to grill him, he reports that he and Estella lolled around in a gold coach, ate cutlets served in silver baskets, and fondled little white dogs. It wasn't true, but it kept the inquisitors at bay. Come to think of it, *Great Expectations* is reputedly one of Fowles's favorite books.

The lord who disappeared, maybe into the sky with a whoosh, seems partly modeled on William Stukeley, the eccentric 18th-century clergyman and antiquarian who thought Stonehenge was a temple of the Celtic druids. Fowles has written about Stukeley in an earlier book on Stonehenge, and credited him there with a seminal contribution to Romanticism through his influence on William Blake. Could be.

The book's residual mystery is how Rebecca became pregnant. When she toiled in the London brothel she was infertile. Marrying Lee, the poor Manchester worker, following her reformation after the cave experience, she makes him promise never to attempt intimacies with her. That leaves Thurlow as the presumed natural father of the prophetess to come. There is, however, another possibility. Rebecca may have become pregnant through an immaculate conception. It would have happened in the cave and the three-fold lady from the spaceship would have had a hand in it. Unless of course the story she told Jones was the true one, in which case Ann Lee's father was the Devil.

When I consider all these assorted possibilities and hypotheses, I become convinced that Fowles has failed to write a serious book. As he says, it is a maggot—a whim doing the work of imagination.

JULIAN MOYNAHAN

Julian Moynahan teaches English at Rutgers University. He is currently completing a book on Anglo-Irish writers from Maria Edgeworth to Beckett, Bowen, and after.

CORRESPONDENCE, *from page 2*

see true copies of the documents on which this finding was based. I also later saw the impressive work of Marlene J. Mayo, a Japanese history specialist at the University of Maryland, and talked with several military historians. All confirm that staff officers of the Joint Chiefs of Staff were estimating casualties for the entire *downfall* operation—embracing the invasion of both Kyushu and Honshu—at 40,000 dead and 193,000 wounded. The estimate of General MacArthur's Southwest Pacific Command were even lower. The *highest* professional military estimate (which was informal) was that casualties for the Kyushu "Olympic" invasion might run in percentage terms of the landed force as high as those suffered on Okinawa. In that case, 50,000 total might have been killed on Kyushu. Since the entire invasion force for Kyushu was projected at roughly 650,000 men—and "Coronet" on Honshu not much larger—an estimate of 500,000 dead would have been absurd.

Mr. Fairlie's article only confirms what historical researchers seem to feel: that a grossly exaggerated historical myth has taken root about the number of lives public officials really could have believed they were saving by the use of atomic weapons. I think the issue of whether the bomb was needed or was justifiable can be considered without falling back on arithmetically silly estimates, much less describing them as "conservative."

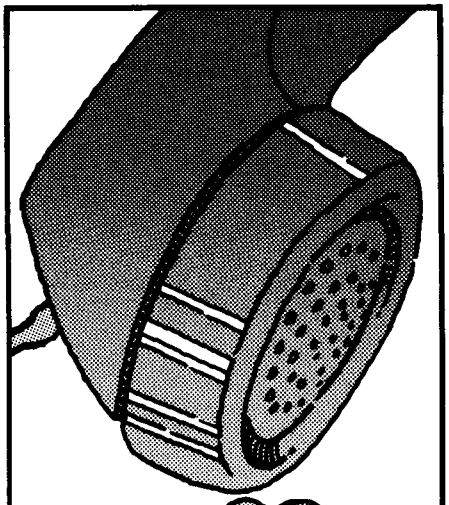
CHARLES MOHR
The New York Times
Washington, D.C.

JUST A FRIEND-OF-THE-COURT

To the editors:

Michael Isikoff's article about the Unification Church's advertising campaign on behalf of the Rev. Sun Myung Moon ("The Press: New Moon," August 26) seriously distorts the position of the American Civil Liberties Union in the 1982 case that resulted in Moon's conviction for tax evasion.

Mr. Isikoff repeatedly implies that the ACLU was part of Reverend Moon's legal defense team; that the ACLU was one of Rev. Moon's "supporters"; and that the ACLU and "ACLU types" (whoever they are—fellow travelers maybe?) advanced the argument in Moon's case that "the courts have no constitutional authority to judge the internal finances of religious groups."



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Although that argument was advanced by Moon's lawyers, it was not an argument made, endorsed, or supported by the ACLU. The ACLU was not part of Moon's legal defense team and did not criticize the verdict.

The ACLU did file a friend-of-the-court brief with the Supreme Court in Moon's case on a single procedural point unrelated to the merits of the case. The only question our brief addressed was whether the trial court erred in denying Moon's motion to be tried before a judge instead of a jury.

It has long been the ACLU's position that when a pervasively unpopular defendant faces trial before a jury that he reasonably believes may harbor hostility toward him, he should have the option of being tried by a judge. In this case that argument was particularly compelling because the trial judge had conceded that it would be fairer to have a nonjury trial.

We took no position on Reverend Moon's religious freedom claims and it was inaccurate and unfair of Mr. Isikoff to lump us together with those who did.

IRA GLASSER
American Civil Liberties Union

World-Fest Naïveté

To the editors:

There are many kinds of naïveté. Just as there is a naïveté of innocence, there is a naïveté of cynicism and suspicion. Harvey Klehr and Ronald Radosh's piece on the 12th World Festival of Youth and Students ("Redfest '85," August 12&19) represents the latter of these two.

Klehr and Radosh write off the 12th World Festival as a "celebration of the cause of international communism." Nothing could be further from the truth. The United States delegation was composed of labor, women, civil rights, and student groups as well as representatives of elected officials and prominent Americans. Its goal, and that of the delegations from the 157 other countries that participated, was to bring a message of friendship and the desire for better mutual understanding. Political issues were secondary.

There was one document issued by the 30,000 festival participants. It did not speak about communism, socialism, the United States, the Soviet Union, or any country. It spoke about the "need to know and understand each other better and to think jointly about contributions to solving the most urgent problems of the day." It spoke of the importance of the 40-year anniversary of the "Allied nations' triumph over Nazism" and concluded with a call for "freedom, independence and self-determination." The U.S. delegation met literally thousands of Soviet people who showered us with gifts, chants of peace, and their friendship.

That Klehr and Radosh view this as a communist plot typifies an attitude of hysteria, distrust, and cynicism toward the Soviet Union that, however fashionable today, is dangerous and unjustified.

Finally, the article misquoted me on the issue of Afghanistan, saying that I said I was "unclear as to what the issues were." That is not what I said. I said that I think many people are unclear as to the complexities of the Afghanistan issue, starting with the fact that there was a revolution in that country in 1978 and that as many as four countries are now harboring and supporting the armed opposition. I also explained that I think many are unaware that military aid to the rebels may be counterproductive to the goal of promoting democracy in, and Soviet military withdrawal from, Afghanistan, since it offers little or no chance of success but provides the Soviets with a pretext for the continued military occupation. The Soviet occupation of Afghanistan is unjustified and probably self-defeating, yet it is a complex issue. To the extent that issues were discussed at the festival, Afghanistan was examined in its entire complexity.

In my interview with THE NEW REPUBLIC, I explained all of this in great detail. Why did Radosh and Klehr choose to omit these views?

JULIAN EPSTEIN
Co-Chair, U.S. Delegation to the 12th World Festival of Youth and Students

Harvey Klehr and Ronald Radosh reply:

Here are three brief points in response to Mr. Epstein's letter: (1) Press reports and stories from the festival have abundantly confirmed our major point: it was intended as a communist propaganda show. In one notable instance, for example, critical remarks about the Soviet Union by an American delegate were deliberately not translated. (2) We did not misquote Mr. Epstein. (3) Finally, even when criticizing the Soviet Union for the invasion of Afghanistan, Mr. Epstein cannot refrain from putting much of the blame for Soviet behavior on the United States.

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WASHINGTON DIARIST

Showmanship Saves

TWO RECENT DIARISTS lament the nefarious purposes that they believe animate the current ideological commerce in something called "the Judeo-Christian tradition." The first says there's no such thing; the second is not so sure and doesn't really care, but just wants to make certain that the Rev. Jerry Falwell can't appropriate whatever it is that goes by the name. The latest self-designated legatee to this inheritance is the Rev. Jesse Jackson, who, one would think, might be a little hesitant in laying claim to anything Judeo. But there they were, the two Reverend Judeo-Christians, on "Nightline," debating American policy toward South Africa. For the still cameras beforehand, they hammed it up, locker-room style, with an ever-so-playful Jackson even allowing Falwell to tousle his hair. On the merits, Jackson had the arguments. But these television one-on-ones seem to equalize the adversaries, making the ethical earnestness they muster little more than pieces of frivolous theater. In this case, the leveling between the apartheid apologist and the apartheid antagonist also was true to life, for it was a confrontation between certifiable bigots. Still, it is an American tragedy (and a black tragedy too) that the preeminent black spokesman in this country for black rights, here and in South Africa, should be not simply a rogue, but an anti-Semite.

JACKSON HAS NOT ONLY his own anti-Semitism to account for, but the prominence and indulgence he has provided for Louis Farrakhan's more virulent version. Farrakhan may be the most popular circuit-riding preacher of Jew-hating and Jew-baiting since Father Coughlin. Two months ago he brought his venomous gospel about the wickedness of the Jews to Washington; last week he was in Los Angeles. Farrakhan is not a great danger to Jews; nor is the more general phenomenon of rising anti-Semitism among blacks. But all of this is an offense to them, an offense with historical resonance. (Jewish prejudice against blacks, though probably a bit more consequential, is far less widespread, and it is disavowed and fought against in organized Jewish life.) The Jewish communal establishment doesn't seem to understand the difference between an offense and a peril, and it has spent months trying to get the black communal establishment to repudiate Farrakhan. It has not been an elevating enterprise. After months of whining imprecations, the Jews finally got D.C. mayor Marion Barry to say that Farrakhan's anti-Semitic utterances "didn't help our city at all." After this weaselly distancing, Rabbi Sidney Schwartz of the Jewish Community Council commended Barry "for your courageous statement." Los Angeles Jewry has been even less successful, evoking from some of the black leaders statements that sounded as if Farrakhan himself had made them. (Even Mayor Tom Bradley, who must know better, equivocated on this one.) And what really would have been gained if the Jews had coaxed out of them some tough-sounding condemnations if these condemnations were given grudgingly? Black anti-Semitism is far more hazardous to blacks than it is to Jews, but I am afraid only experience will teach that, and teach it far more tellingly than some obsequious and more-liberal-than-they rabbis ever can.

DE TOCQUEVILLE long ago noticed the American impulse to voluntary associations, from which it was not a big step to our vast network of voluntary philanthropies. In no country in the world is the instinct of mutual aid so well-developed. To Andrew Carnegie we are indebted for the flourishing of American libraries, to Julius Rosenwald for the endowment of Negro colleges, to John D. Rockefeller for the improvement of medical education, to the likes of Charles Stewart Mott and Stephen C. Clark the enhancement of the life of particular geographic regions. Not even they, however, aspired to relieve anything so massive as, let us say, the systemic suffering and deprivation of American farmers. Now comes country-and-western singer Willie Nelson, with an entertainment spectacular that is expected to raise the considerable but contextually insignificant sum of $50 million to help farm families. In a society that, after USA for Africa and Live Aid, has come to believe that showmanship saves, it was inevitable that the big benefit would soon be seen as the way to address every big human problem. No matter that the "We Are the World" famine relief may have obscured that what probably was needed in drought-afflicted Africa was the sustained emergency deployment of a European and American military force to distribute the food. President Reagan wants to encourage private charity, and his stone-hearted policies at home have done just that. Given America's charitable reflexes, how could it have been otherwise? I don't want to sound like a curmudgeon, but it won't work. And not only because these rock happenings have a life of their own almost independent of the purposes for which they are organized. The problems of the farmers, of the homeless, of the hungry are just too enormous. Still, when the history of the Reagan era is written, it will be recorded that the giving of alms, however ineffectual, became at once morally compelling and chic.

THE USUAL SUSPECTS assembled in Washington last week, in person or by satellite, to cheer on the Palestine Liberation Organization in its struggle against "Zionist imperialism," a struggle sometimes depicted as a desire for peace. It was like an old popular front gathering. British Trotskyite Vanessa Redgrave was there pleading for financial help in her suit against the Boston Symphony Orchestra, some of whose players justly assumed that it was their First Amendment right to refuse to perform with an actress who was virtually a combatant in a terrorist war against their brethren. Pete Seeger, the banjo bolshevik, was there too. The schwarmerei, false warmth, and feigned naïveté of this man for years obscured the fact that he was an eager volunteer in virtually every propaganda battle on behalf of Third World revolutionaries serving communist goals. Seeger's appearance at this Arab-American PLO fest says as much about the PLO as it does about him.

M.P.

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